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The War • The Home Front • The People
August 2015, Volume Eleven, Number Two

FEATURES

12 A SUN THAT WOULDN'T SET

The mighty empire was beaten. Her ships and carriers were gone, her cities on fire. What planes remained were for suicide missions. Still, Japan fought on. **By Jay Wertz**

22 THE BIG SECRET OF OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE

Not even the residents knew the ultimate goal of their wartime jobs—until the *Enola Gay* dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. **By Lindsey A. Freeman**

The Debate Continues:
Was America Right to Use the Atomic Bomb?

32 No: WHILE THE EMPEROR FIDDLED

Safe with His Majesty in a bunker beneath Tokyo, Japan's samurai rulers hardly noticed Hiroshima and Nagasaki burning. Did the bombs even matter? **By Paul Ham**

38 Yes: HARRY TRUMAN'S SIMPLE DECISION

The choice was clear for America's president: Drop the bomb and save hundreds of thousands of lives. As time passed, critics made things complicated. **By Wilson D. Miscamble**

departments

2 KILROY **4** V-MAIL **6** HOME FRONT: A Real Victory for the Real Thing **7** PINUP: Lois Collier **8** THE FUNNIES: Pat Patriot **9** FLASHBACK **10** LANDINGS: The Quietest Air Force **44** WAR STORIES **47** I WAS THERE: A Wild Duck's War **57** BOOKS AND MEDIA **58** THEATER OF WAR: *Day One* **61** 78 RPM: Jo Stafford **63** WWII EVENTS **64** GIs: Pacific Potato Bomber

COVER SHOT: *The shape that came to symbolize modern war's apocalyptic power—the mushroom cloud—blooms over Nagasaki, Japan, on August 9, 1945. Fat Man, the atom bomb that made the cloud, was the second to hit Japan. Dropped by the US B-29* Bockscar, *it killed 35,000–40,000 people immediately. But did it persuade Japan to surrender?* NATIONAL ARCHIVES

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Simply Perplexed

WHEN I WAS IN GRADE SCHOOL, you could ask a class full of kids what they wanted to be when they grew up, and you were sure to hear "president of the United States" more than once. It sounded like a good idea. The president gets to appear on television, travel in a personal jet, live in a big fancy house with a nice lawn where there's a huge egg hunt every Easter. Best of all, the president has people to take care of chores. It looks like a pretty nice gig when viewed through eyes that don't yet have crow's feet at their corners.

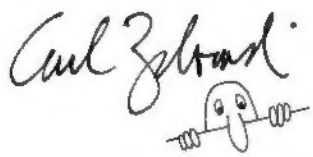
Reality is not so simple, of course. Eventually the president wakes up to a big decision that needs to be made. Sometimes it's a *huge* decision. President Harry Truman suddenly had a bomb that was more powerful, more potentially devastating, more horrifying than anything humans had ever built before. Many of the geniuses who designed and built it, the ones closest to it and who best knew its fearsome capabilities, were begging him not to use it. Robert J. Oppenheimer, the nuclear physicist who directed the bomb-making effort in Los Alamos, New Mexico, said the test detonation he witnessed in July 1945 brought to mind a passage from the Bhagavad Gita: "I am become death, the destroyer of worlds."

Oppenheimer knew what was about to happen. He realized the United States was not investing mountains of dollars and the efforts of some of the smartest people on the planet to produce a bomb to sit in storage somewhere. He and the other scientists of the Manhattan Project were building a bomb to be dropped.

It was up to Truman, and Truman alone, to decide what to do. Maybe between recess and a mid-morning nap one day decades earlier, he had told his second-grade teacher that he wanted to be president. Maybe he mentioned the house and the colored eggs. He definitely didn't mention the atomic bomb, since no one had conceived of it yet. Facing reality, Truman chose to drop that bomb. As Wilson D. Miscamble points out in his essay in this issue, the decision wasn't a difficult one for him.

I wasn't around at the time, but my dad was, and he had as little hesitation with the decision as Truman did: Drop the bomb, save American lives. Like everyone in those days, Dad knew people who died in the war. His older brother Al was with the army in the Pacific. The Japanese welcomed him to the war at Leyte in late 1944. Five minutes in, the guy next to him had his head blown off.

Truman was told hundreds of thousands of American boys could die if the United States had to invade the Japanese home islands to end the war. Here, Dad may have reminded me that Uncle Al came home alive. Maybe the decision to drop the bomb really *was* simple. I'm just glad *I* wasn't president.



Carl Zebrowski
Editor, *America in WWII*

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V-MAIL

PACIFIC PLAY-BY-PLAY

MY DAD RECEIVED the magazines you so graciously provided. [His war memoir, "Cheating Death One Island at a Time," appeared in I Was There in our June 2015 issue.] Although he doesn't talk much anymore, I could tell by the spark in his eyes he was very happy and proud. Thanks to everyone at *America in WWII* for honoring my dad, and for providing your readers with an actual play-by-play recap of his time in the Pacific as a US marine. All American veterans should feel honored by my dad's story, because it is their story also.

JOHNNY COWART
Jacksonville, Florida

THE DEADLY M1

GENERAL GEORGE PATTON was correct in saying that the M1 Garand was "the greatest battle implement ever devised." My father served with the 101st Airborne Division during World War II. He survived Bastogne, but was wounded in combat somewhere in Holland, in early 1945. He said "a Kraut 88" [an 88mm shell] landed nearby, killing two of his platoon members and shattering both of his ankles.

His story does not end there, though. Some years later, in the 1960s, we were at a gun show in Sioux City, Iowa. Walking by some tables with WWII rifles on display, I picked one up and showed it to Dad. It was an M1 Garand. I asked him if this was one of the rifles he carried in Europe, to which he replied yes. I asked him to show me how he carried it and the workings of it. Without saying a word he shook his head, turned, and walked away.

That evening, after supper, I asked him what happened at the gun show. He said when he saw that rifle, it brought back too many bad memories of what happened when he used it against the Krauts (he always called them Krauts). He explained to me that the M1 Garand, firing the .30-06 cartridge, was an extremely devastating weapon of war. The rifle was extremely accurate, durable, and killed or severely wounded anyone it was fired upon.

While traveling back to a stateside hospital for additional surgery on his ankles, he had come to the conclusion that he did not want to hold that rifle ever again. He had seen enough people die as a result of wounds caused by the M1. However, it was a necessary weapon, needed to win the war.

MARC JACOBSMA
Midland, Texas

HOOKED ON WWII HISTORY

YOUR 10TH ANNIVERSARY issue [June 2015] arrived at my doorstep this morning. I especially enjoyed the I Was There feature by Harold Cowart ["Cheating Death One Island at a Time"] and the magazine's letters section. You very deftly and politely handled the letter regarding the type of pistol that George C. Scott was shown using in the Patton movie. Nicely done.

It was your upcoming special events section [2015 WWII Air Shows] that enticed me several years ago to attend the Mid-Atlantic Air Museum event in Reading, Pennsylvania [the World War II Weekend, on the first full weekend of each June]. It was there that I became hooked on World War II, both as a writer and as a reenactor.

Do keep up the good work as you continue to "keep the home fires" ablaze in the telling of America's special role in that fight against fascism.

PHIL ZIMMER
Jamestown, New York

GREAT-GRANDPA AND HIS FORT

THANK YOU FOR FEATURING my great-grandfather, Horace Knowles, in the GIs department of your April issue ["Guarding Delaware from the Nazis," April 2015]. I am currently a senior at Padua Academy in Wilmington, Delaware. During my junior year, I did my National History Day project on Fort Miles, Delaware. Vital to my research was the opportunity to interview my great-grandfather, who served at Fort Miles.

My family is so excited that my great-grandfather's story was featured in *America in WWII*. At 95 years old, he is no longer able to play an active role at the fort, but he is still very proud of his service. We were also thrilled to see Fort Miles receive recognition, as not very many people realize the important role Delaware played in World War II.

Readers may be interested in viewing my history day project, "The Right to Security: Fort Miles and Coastal Protection during World War II." This documentary is on YouTube at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JNSXdzGs8Po.

LAURA TOMLINSON
Wilmington, Delaware

Send us your comments and reactions—especially the favorable ones! Mail them to V-Mail, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109, or e-mail them to editor@americainwwii.com.

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A Real Victory for the Real Thing

by Carl Zebrowski

THE COCA-COLA DELIVERY man hardly had his bottles out of their cases when a customer walked up to the cooler he was loading. Coke wasn't always easy to come by during the war. Wartime ingredient shortages sometimes made it more a pleasant surprise than a dependable, affordable luxury. Here in this little Texas corner store, the only Cokes available were the ones just being delivered—at room temperature, which in the Southwest meant warm. The customer wasn't fazed. He popped off the cap, put his lips to the bottle, and eagerly tipped the glass vessel upward. "Those people have spent twenty years making a drinker out of me and can't shut me off this easy," he explained.

It wasn't cocaine that Coke drinkers were addicted to. That had disappeared from the mix decades earlier. It was the taste and mouthfeel that customers craved—and whatever intangibles half a century of savvy marketing had added. Coke was the most popular soft drink in the country, and any wartime scarcity only made customers' hearts grow fonder. As US Army Corporal George Brennan wrote, "...You have to experience the scarcity of Coca-Cola or suffer its absence to acquire a full appreciation of what it means to us as Americans."

Wartime sugar rationing threatened manufacturers of sweet food and drink, but Coke fought back hard, ingeniously portraying its bubbly, sugary refreshment as a wartime necessity. It made its case behind closed doors with politicians, in print and radio ads, and in the 24-page booklet "Importance of the Rest-Pause in Maximum War Effort." "In times like these," the pamphlet read, "Coca-Cola is doing a necessary job for workers..., bringing welcome refreshments to the doers of things." The company also canvassed military bases for testimonials to support its case. "In our opinion," one officer concluded, "Coca-Cola could be classified as one of the essential morale-building products for the boys in the service."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

A GI unloads Coke at a US Army base in Italy. Coke was largely an American phenomenon before the war. By the end, it had conquered the world.

Despite rationing and shortages, Coke plants continued to churn out bottles of the product. Military bases enjoyed distribution priority, so a GI holding a bottle of Coke was a common sight. Some of the most prominent commanders—Douglas MacArthur, Omar Bradley, and Dwight Eisenhower—counted themselves among the drink's biggest fans. And from fresh draftee to seasoned veteran, Coke made sure all Americans in uniform were taken care of. President Robert Woodruff made GIs a promise: "We will see that every man in the uniform gets a bottle of Coca-Cola for five cents, wherever he is and whatever it costs our company."

Part of that promise was getting Coke overseas to war zones. Once the military declared Coke essential to its efforts, all a commander had to do was put in a request and a shipment would eventually be on its way. While in the North African desert in 1943, Eisenhower ordered six million bottles for his troops. One transport plane was so overloaded that the pilot had to fight to keep it above the sand dunes. But the delivery arrived safely. Said the pilot, "You don't f— with Coca-Cola!"

More typically, the shipment wasn't bottles, but fountain or bottling equipment. The Coca-Cola company had learned from the world's most experienced and successful shipper of huge quantities of supplies to overseas installations: the US Army. Much as the army shipped food dehydrated to take up less space, Coke shipped concentrated syrup to be mixed with carbonated water added on location. With the military's help, the company set up 64 bottling plants on all continents except Antarctica, suddenly making it a truly international treat. Best of all for Coke, the federal government paid for most of this expansion.

At home, Coke continued to market itself heavily, tying its corporate efforts tightly to the war effort. There were the now-iconic ads, of course. One popular pitch featured Charles B. Hall, the first African American to shoot down an enemy plane during the war. According to the ad copy, "His reward was a bottle of Coca-Cola." Promotional products included logoed cribbage boards and Chinese checker sets and a 10-cent "Know Your Planes" booklet for kids.

The early 1940s turned out pretty well for Coca-Cola. What more could a customer say for a product than what one wartime fan gushed: "If anyone were to ask us what we were fighting for..., half of us would answer, the right to buy Coca-Cola again." By the time the GIs had returned home, Coke was established all over the world. Goodwill for the company was at an all-time high. Sales were up. Coke had won the war. ★

MADELYN JONES DREAMED OF becoming a missionary in China when she was coming of age in Salley, South Carolina. Once she got her first taste of the spotlight in high school plays, however, dreams of the silver screen replaced her humanitarian visions.

While Jones was in college in the late 1930s, her mother entered a photo of her in a contest sponsored by CBS radio. She won, and the prize was a job voice-acting in the radio play *Hollywood in Person*. She played the character Lois Collier and decided to take that name as her own.

Collier got her break into the movies when a Hollywood talent scout spotted her acting on stage. She was booked solid filming through the war years, appearing in a string of B movies churned out one after the other. In 1944 alone, she played the heroine in five features, including *Ladies Courageous* and *Jungle Woman*. Her last significant role was Mary Westley in the television show *Boston Blackie*, which ran from 1951 to 1954. She retired in 1957.

JAMES COWDEN
editorial intern

PHOTO FROM THE US ARMY WEEKLY PUBLICATION *YANK DOWN UNDER*, 1944

Patricia Patriot

by Arnold T. Blumberg

The Greatest Name in Comics
DAREDEVIL
COMICS
AT LAST THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO DO IT
WILL DAREDEVIL'S BOOMERANG WIN THE KISS OF DEATH?
See Page 11
AUG. 10¢
A BRAND NEW COMIC BOOK
12 SMASH FEATURES
PAT PATRIOT
AMERICA'S JOAN of ARC

THE YEAR 1941 WAS A BIG ONE for female superheroes. Wonder Woman was the obvious alpha of the bunch, rife with superhuman abilities, instantly popular, and poised for a long career. Most superwomen—like most other crusaders decked out in red, white, and blue to fit the flag-waving mood of the era—came and went quickly, surviving as little more than a paragraph in the history of comics. Among them was Pat Patriot.

The girl with the given name Patricia Patrios could hardly have been better-named for the work she ended up doing in support of her country. One day while toiling away at her factory job, Pat stood up for a fellow worker who couldn't handle the grueling schedule. Her reward from the foreman? She got tossed out onto the street, jobless. That night, she donned an Uncle Sam–like costume for a part in a local play and sang about drinking the blood of Nazis!

Soon, Pat happened upon a sinister Axis plot to steal vital airplane parts from the factory she just got fired from, and she found out her former foreman was at the center of the operation. She swung into action as a concerned American citizen. When the newspaper misspelled her name the next day as "Pat Patriot," a superhero was born.

Pat's adventures fighting evil (and performing on stage) were short-lived, running for just 10 issues of *Daredevil Comics* before coming to a sudden end. Though Pat Patriot isn't well remembered, she does have the distinction of debuting in one of the most famous Golden Age comic series of all time, in the oft-written-about issue before Pat's premiere in *Daredevil Comics No. 2*, otherwise known as *Daredevil Battles Hitler*. ★

DR. ARNOLD T. BLUMBERG *is an educator and the author of books on comic books and other pop culture topics. He resides in Baltimore, Maryland.*

Pat Patriot debuted in *Daredevil Comics No. 2* in August 1941. She didn't get much play on the cover—only her name in fine print at the very bottom—but inside, she and her Stars and Stripes–motif outfit were hard to miss.

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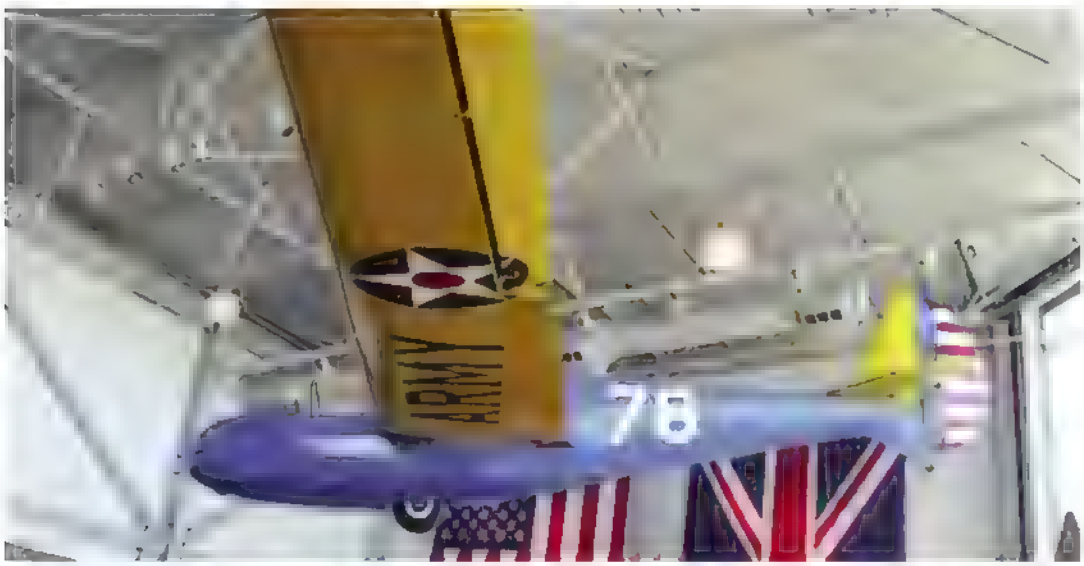
The Quietest Air Force

by George Cholewczynski



A TG-4 sailplane—the main trainer for WWII glider pilots—hangs in frozen flight at the Silent Wings Museum in Lubbock, Texas.

Mention Lubbock, Texas, and some people immediately think of legendary rock and roller Buddy Holly. But long before Holly belted out "That'll Be the Day" or "Peggy Sue," his home city in northwest Texas was important as a nerve center in the nation's mobilization for World War II. Back then, Lubbock was the training hub for men who would fly the quietest and perhaps most dangerous airships in America's flying arsenal: the army's engineless gliders.

Buddy Holly has his own museum in Lubbock, complete with an outdoor sculpture of his trademark black-frame glasses. But for people interested in World War II and the risks Americans took to win it, the place to go is the Silent Wings Museum. It preserves the history of US WWII combat gliders and the men who flew them.

Lubbock, with its dry, warm climate and clear blue skies, was perfect for aviation training. So in 1942 the US Army Air Forces took over the city's municipal airport for the war's duration, renaming it South Plains Army Air Field and making it home to an advanced glider school. Today, the Silent Wings Museum inhabits the old airport's converted terminal and control tower.

The museum is the result of veterans' efforts to tell their story. Eighty percent of the 5,500 glider pilots who won their wings during World War II did so at South Plains Army Air Field. These sky warriors who flew without parachutes, engines, or second chances went on to deliver 30,000 troops for combat and suffered a 37 percent casualty rate. In 1971, surviving glider pilots established the National World War II Glider Pilots Association to help preserve the legacy of the glider program.

The term "silent wings" conveys something of the unique character of glider flight. Once released, the only noise gliders made was when they touched down. One day in August 1943, for example, a collection of dignitaries that included US Army Air Forces chief Henry "Hap" Arnold were at a North Carolina airfield for briefings. As the sun set after dinner, they climbed onto the demonstration area's bleachers. They expected lectures and night landing demonstrations. Instead, a voice over the public address system ordered all lights and cigarettes extinguished. While the audience listened to a lecture in the dark, 10 Waco CG-4A gliders in the air 10 miles away cut loose from their tow planes. The audience was practically asleep when the loudspeaker boomed "Lights!" Floodlights snapped on and revealed 10 gliders sitting in a field that had been empty an hour before. The audience was stunned. Then one glider's nose opened and a nine-piece military band emerged playing the US Army Air Forces song.

Inside a glider, the experience was far different. While a glider was connected to a tow plane, the noise was deafening. Prop wash from the tow plane's engines beat on the glider's canvas skin, making passengers feel as if they were inside a large bass drum. Once the steel tow cable was cast off, noise faded until all became quiet—unless the flight was a combat mission. In

ALL PHOTOS BY GEORGE CHOLEWCZYNSKI

Above, right: In 1942, Lubbock's airport became South Plains Army Air Field, training hub for glider pilots. Today, the restored and remodeled tower and terminal house the Silent Wings Museum, telling the story of America's WWII glider men. Top left: A British Horsa glider cockpit at the museum awaits a fuselage as part of a collaboration with a British trust. Lower left: A US Waco CG-4A's cockpit.

that case, the passengers heard every shot fired at them, along with flak bursts and the loud pop of shrapnel or bullets hitting the tightly stretched fabric. And landing during combat—in unfamiliar territory with trees, hedgerows, and enemy obstacles waiting to wreck gliders—was a harrowing experience for pilots and passengers alike.

Most glider pilots were men who, for one reason or another, had been deemed unsuitable to fly powered aircraft. As a result, they were frequently treated as second-class citizens in the military aviation community. But the men with the G on the wings pinned to their chests pugnaciously told anyone who asked that the G stood not for glider, but for guts. Visitors to the Silent Wings Museum end up agreeing.

An exploration of the museum starts with a 15-minute video titled *Silent Wings: The Story of the World War II Glider Program*. The film contains rare footage of gliders in combat and provides an excellent orientation to the museum's galleries, which feature hundreds of artifacts, weapons, and photos. Various kinds of equipment that flew into combat aboard gliders are here, including a miniature bull dozer. Mannequins display the variety of uniforms that glider pilots and passengers wore.

The museum's centerpiece is its glass hangar area. There, against the background of Lubbock International Airport and blue Texas skies, a TG-4 sailplane hangs from the ceiling in its colorful chrome, yellow, and blue prewar livery. Built by Laister-Kauffman and named the Yankee Doodle, the TG-4 was the primary training glider. Instructor and student sat in tandem in the steel-tube and fabric fuselage.

Also in the hangar, decked out in similar colors, is a Link trainer, considered to be the world's first flight simulator. An L-4 is here, too. Aboard this military version of the reliable Piper Cub, students received instruction in powered flight, then glided to a landing with the engine off.

The star of the museum collection is a fully restored CG-4A glider. Glider pilot association members searched near and far for components to restore this craft, which once perched atop a tire store in Fresno, California. The result is a WWII glider that is fresh-out-of-the-crate authentic, just as it would have appeared more than 70 years ago. The lovingly restored artifact is one of three still in existence out of 14,000 or so built during the war.

On your way in and out of the Silent Wings Museum, you'll see a Douglas C-47, the type of plane that pulled WWII gliders into the sky and towed them to their release points. The C-47's sturdy construction and powerful twin engines make for a sharp contrast with the unpowered gliders—the fragile, silent wings that carried troops, war machines, and gutsy pilots to the front lines of World War II. ★

IN A NUTSHELL

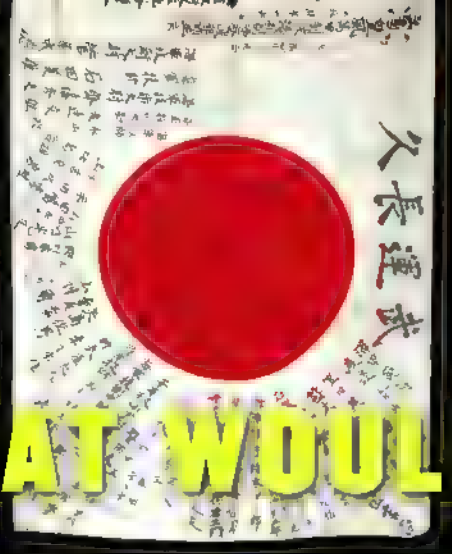
WHAT Silent Wings Museum

WHERE Lubbock, Texas

WHY See one of three remaining WWII Waco CG-4A gliders • Marvel at the equipment gliders could carry, including a mini-buildozer • Get close to glider and powered training aircraft

For more information call 806-775-3049 or visit www.silentwingsmuseum.org

GEORGE CHOLEWCZYNSKI *of New Orleans writes frequently about Allied troop carrier, paratrooper, and glider operations and the men who carried them out*



A SUN THAT WOULDN'T SET

The mighty empire was beaten. Her ships and carriers were gone, her cities on fire. What planes remained were for suicide missions. Still, Japan fought on.

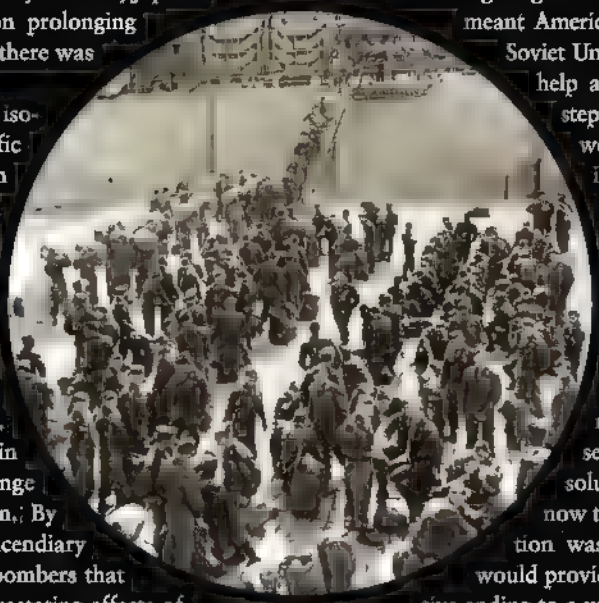
by Jay Wertz

THE JUBILATION THAT LIT UP much of the world on May 8, 1945, didn't quite take hold among America's military planners. True, Germany and her allies had finally surrendered. Around the other side of the globe, however, Japan's desperate, even suicidal, insistence on prolonging the war in Asia and the Pacific meant there was still much work to be done.

The Japanese continued to fight in isolated pockets of resistance on Pacific islands, in the Philippines, and in Burma, China, and Southeast Asia. But there was no question that time was running out for the Empire of the Rising Sun. In the summer of 1944, the Allied campaign to take the North Pacific's Mariana Islands had provided the Americans with bases on Saipan, Tinian, and Guam. These put Japan's home islands within striking distance of US long-range bombers, which began raiding Japan. By early 1945 the raids had turned into incendiary attacks by B-29 Superfortress heavy bombers that burned major cities. Not even the devastating effects of these raids broke the resolve of the war leaders at Japan's Imperial General Headquarters—or their sway over their increasingly worried emperor. Japan's civilians dutifully endured the devastation.

As long as the fundamentally defeated Japan fought on, the Allies, too, had to fight on. American soldiers, marines, sailors, and airmen had uneasy feelings about what seemed inevitably to be coming next in the struggle for which they had shouldered the bulk of the fighting and dying. The end of the European war meant America's chief allies, Great Britain and the Soviet Union, would now be able to offer more help against Japan. The unquestioned final step in defeating the empire, however, would be the invasion of the home islands. And that would be almost entirely the responsibility of US soldiers and marines. The rank and file in the US combat forces and their commanders could only face up grimly to this daunting impending task.

But another story was playing out, as unknown to America's fighting men as it was to Japan. It was a super-secret military, scientific, and political solution to the stubborn resistance of the now threadbare Japanese empire. This solution was already in its final stages. And it would provide a dramatic and unexpected alternative ending to a war that wouldn't end. ★



PHOTOS THIS SPREAD: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

JAY WERTZ is a documentary filmmaker and motion picture editor in Hollywood. He has written six books and numerous articles on military and social history.

Victorious over Hitler, the US 12th Infantry (above) boards Liberty ship SS *Sea Bass* at La Havre, France, in the summer of 1945. That May, GIs in Europe began gathering in camps in northwest France for the trip home. But the war wasn't over; after a month's furlough, men who hadn't accumulated enough service points for discharge would sail to the Pacific for an invasion of Japan. Japan preferred death to surrender—like this kamikaze (opposite) aiming for USS *Missouri (BB-63)* on April 11. Navy crews on multiple ships alerted by radar shot it down with rapid-fire anti-aircraft guns. Kamikaze missions reached their peak in the Okinawa campaign, April 1–June 22.

LEFT: US AIR FORCE. OPPOSITE PHOTO BY PFC. FRANK ROGERS. US MARINE CORPS

Fire and smoke arose from Pacific islands and Japan herself as the Allies pushed for victory. When Major General Curtis LeMay took charge of US Army Air Forces Pacific operations in January 1945, he ordered night raids on Japanese cities, with B-29s dropping bombs full of jellified petroleum. The firebombs destroyed the cities' wood-and-paper dwellings, causing devastation like that seen in Tokyo (above). On Okinawa (opposite), a smoke bomb drives a Japanese soldier from a cave as US marines hold their fire. Many Japanese perished in the island's nearly three-month battle—some 20,000 when their caves were sealed. Another 107,500 were killed in action, as were 7,613 Americans.

A SUN THAT WOULDN'T SET by Jay Wertz

COURTESY OF HAL KNOWLES, WWII US MARINE PILOT

US ARMY

PHOTO BY T/5 DANIEL RISMAN, NATIONAL ARCHIVES

LEFT: COURTESY OF HAL KNOWLES, WWII US MARINE PILOT; OPPOSITE: US AIR FORCE

Japan was losing her warriors and civilians, her cities, and the empire she had conquered. The US island-hopping campaign bypassed Babelthuap in the Western Pacific's Palau Islands, so the Japanese garrison there didn't die in caves, banzai charges, or mass suicides. Instead, there were scenes like this, of disarmed Japanese soldiers standing with a native woman (top left). Things weren't so peaceful in the Philippines. Filipino troops (top right) battled fierce Japanese resistance in Luzon's Batangas province in the war's final months. In Rizal province, a 105mm gun carrier hurls rockets at Japanese positions (bottom left). Many Filipinos who fought beside US Army troops were guerrillas during the Japanese occupation. Others were teenage recruits. Back on Babelthuap (bottom right), ruins of a Japanese base are visible from marine pilot Hal Knowles's Corsair fighter. Spared from invasion, the island was nevertheless subject to air strikes. So was Japan's once proud navy. At Kure, Honshu, Japan, US Third Fleet carrier planes bomb a Japanese battleship on July 24, 1945 (opposite).

RIGHT & BELOW: 509th COMPOSITE GROUP PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY, US AIR FORCE

Turning up the heat on Japanese soil became the Allies' main strategy for ending the war. LeMay's XXI Bomber Command pursued its bombing and firebombing mission in earnest. On August 1, 1945, 29th Bomb Group B-29 Superfortresses (opposite) head for Japan in the war's largest bomb raid. Imperial Japan's decision-makers remained unswayed by their razed cities, ports, and factories. But the Allies were about to deliver unprecedented instant destruction. On Tinian, in the North Pacific's Marianas, ground crewmen gaze at Fat Man (above), second of two atom bombs destined for Japan. The bomb is sitting in "the pit" on Tinian's North Field for loading into a B-29's bomb bay. Little Boy, first of the bombs, struck Hiroshima on August 6, dropped by the B-29 *Enola Gay*. The B-29 *Bockscar* would drop Fat Man on Nagasaki on August 9. Here (below), ground crewmen load a non-atomic replica of Fat Man into a B-29 so the aircrew can practice before the actual bombing.

OPPOSITE: US AIR FORCE COURTESY OF GORDON B. ROBERTSON, JR.

A SUN THAT WOULDN'T SET by Jay Wertz

BUREAU SOVIÉTIQUE D'INFORMATION, PARIS

While Japan smoldered, the Soviet Union declared war. A day later, August 9, 1945, Soviet tanks roll into Manchuria, China, with a spotter plane (above). Even there, the US presence was felt. Froyim Gelman, radioman of a Red Army artillery unit, recalled a battle where "each gun was taken by a Dodge 3/4[-ton] truck, and we had some Studebakers to move the ammunition." The rapid defeat of Japan's Kwantung Army let the Soviets claim territory in China and Korea, planting new seeds of conflict. But for now, Soviet entry into the war was another nail in Japan's coffin. Finally, Emperor Hirohito spoke, announcing the end of fighting to his 70 million subjects by radio on August 15. Hirohito never used the word "surrender," but surrender it was. On Guam (below), Japanese POWs listen with heads bowed. At a prison near Yokohama on August 29 (opposite), flag-waving American, British, and Dutch POWs greet their liberation with joy.

LEFT: US NAVY PHOTO, NATIONAL ARCHIVES. OPPOSITE: NATIONAL ARCHIVE

The Big Secret of O

Not even the residents knew the ultimate goal of their wartime jobs—until the *Enola Gay* dropped the bomb on Hiroshima.

by Lindsey A. Freeman

ak Ridge, Tennessee

It's shift change at the Y-12 plant in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, one day in 1945. War workers, mostly women, pour through the gate, past a sign urging them to "Make C.E.W."—the Clinton Engineer Works—"Count." What they do at CEW is glean Uranium-235 from raw ore in an isolated, fenced complex built by the military's Manhattan Project to produce atom bombs.

PHOTO BY ED WESCOTT, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

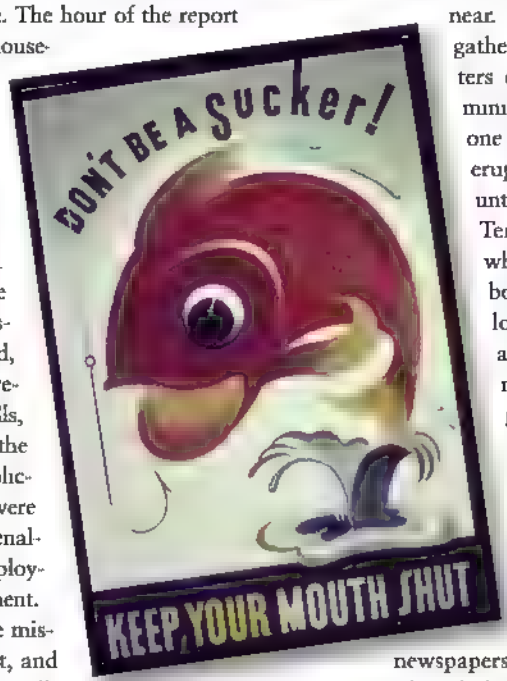
The Big Secret

by Lindsey A. Freeman

From *Longing for the Bomb: Oak Ridge and Atomic Nostalgia* by Lindsey A. Freeman. Copyright © 2015 by the University of North Carolina Press. Used by permission of the publisher. www.uncpress.edu

Sometime in 1945, a coworker leaned over to Shirley Woods and said, "Think of it Shirley, someday we'll drop an atom bomb and destroy a whole city!" Woods was shocked at these words, which were clearly a break in the secrecy chain of Oak Ridge. She also doubted their veracity. Yet in a few months, Woods, the rest of her coworkers, the city, and the entire world would learn the truth of this prediction. On August 6, 1945, the atomic bomb with the diminutive name Little Boy was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan. The bomb, containing fissionable uranium from the atomic factories of the secret Manhattan Project city of Oak Ridge, caused massive devastation to Hiroshima and its residents. It is estimated that 70,000 of Hiroshima's 76,000 buildings were destroyed upon impact and that between 70,000 and 100,000 people were killed the first day. The number of dead roughly mirrored the population of Oak Ridge, a chilling rhyme of arithmetic. These were the immediate effects; the full extent of the bomb's destructive power and its radioactive aftermath is still unfolding.

The news that Oak Ridge had been involved in a secret war project to create an atomic bomb came over the national airwaves around 10:00 A.M. Eastern Standard Time. The hour of the report meant that in Oak Ridge it was often housewives and shift workers who first heard the news. When they phoned their husbands or friends at work, it came as a shock to those on the other end of the receiver. Knees weakened. Hearts raced. Blood drained from faces. Although rumors of what was being produced in Oak Ridge had begun to circulate more freely, speculations were always whispered—never spoken aloud, never shouted, and certainly never telephoned. The secretaries who could field and ferry these calls, the managers who had direct lines, and the scientists who had some inkling but no explicit confirmation of their working goal were afraid security had been breached. The penalties for loose talk were well known: unemployment, eviction, arrest, and even imprisonment.



When the news finally sunk in that the mission of Oak Ridge was no longer a secret, and that it was being broadcast not only nationally but throughout the world, most were stunned to learn what they had been working toward all those fevered and secret hours in the enormous factories and labs. Some of those who knew more about the science of the Project, the chemists and the physicists, ran up and down the halls of the laboratories shouting, "Uranium! Uranium!" Finally able to say the name of the silvery-gray element with atomic number 92 out loud, they gleefully yelled it with reckless abandon. The rest of the community, those without a working knowledge of the periodic table of elements or scientific backgrounds, scratched their heads and wondered just how all that dial twisting, button pressing, and slug loading was able to produce such a devastating device.

For Oak Ridgers, August 6, 1945, was a day of jubilation, of celebration, of back pats, kissing strangers and offering congratulations. On this humid summer day, the end of the war seemed near. By mid afternoon, hundreds of residents gathered in Jackson Square, one of the main centers of the city, giving it the appearance of "a miniature Times Square on New Year's Eve," as one witness recalled it. Spontaneous parties erupted all over Oak Ridge that day and lasted until the following morning, with faces turned Tennessee mud red from shouts of joy, whiskey, and lipstick laden kisses. "When the bomb was dropped, we danced all night long," remembered another reveler. Children, along with their parents, celebrated in the news. A famous image from the day shows a group of boys joyously hanging an effigy of [former Japanese Prime Minister Hideki] Tojo, a macabre photographic postscript to the message that was written by Lieutenant Nicholas Del Genio [a security officer at Oak Ridge] on the hull of Little Boy: "From us in Oak Ridge to Tojo."

The day of the Hiroshima bombing, newspapers from nearby Knoxville sold at a blistering pace, even though the prices were jacked up for the occasion from the usual five cents to a dollar. When the local paper, the *Oak Ridge Journal*, reported the story, it ran a bold shouting headline, which took up most of the real estate above the fold: "Oak Ridge Attacks Japanese." Also posted on the front page was a message from the top Army official in Oak Ridge, Colonel Kenneth D. Nichols, district engineer of the Manhattan District [the US

LEFT & OPPOSITE: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above: Mum was the word at Oak Ridge. Even the town's reason for existence was secret. Built in 1942–43 in a valley 25 miles west of Knoxville, the entire city and its 70,000-some residents were fenced in. Opposite: Despite this surreal setting, life went on normally. Here, an Army Service Forces technician third grade unleashes his charm on a female worker in 1945. She's holding what may be a box of chocolates.

OAK RIDGE
TENNESSEE
'SCAT'
DAVIS
YOUR
PROTECT ALL
ARE YOU
AUTHORIZED
TELL IT
PROTECT
INFORMATION

Secret

by Lindsey A. Freeman

Above: At Oak Ridge's Y-12 uranium enrichment plant (run by Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Company, part of Union Carbide), armed guards stop a pickup truck to make sure both the vehicle and its occupants are authorized to enter. Every vehicle was stopped and checked on the way in and on the way out. Right: Uncle Sam joins the proverbial three monkeys on an Oak Ridge billboard to drive home the constant message: Don't talk about what you see, do, or hear at work. Keep it secret.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Army's component of the Manhattan Project], quoted here in full in order to give a sense of the mood of the day:

To Contractors, Workers, Residents of Oak Ridge: Congratulations to all the workers at the Clinton Engineer Works [the code name for the production facilities] *and to the people of Oak Ridge! You have done the impossible. This project has been, from the start, a cooperative enterprise, based on mutual faith—faith of the scientist that engineers could translate his discoveries—yes, and his world stirring dreams—into practical process designs; faith of the engineer that material and construction men could turn those designs into brick and mortar and process equipment; faith of the operating contractor that local non-technical workers would be trained to perform new and strange tasks so exacting that they would normally be entrusted only to skilled scientific experimenters; faith of the construction workers and operators that their supervisors knew their business; and faith of all groups—management and employee—scientific and service—that somehow ways and means would be found to house, feed and transport them. This faith has been justified by the successful use of your product against the Japs. The success of the project was made possible only because everyone did his or her part and*

PHOTO BY ED WESCOTT COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

"stayed on the job" from the Nobel Prize winners whose scientific theories and experiments mushroomed into huge production plants to the sweating construction worker and the cafeteria girl with her tray of dishes.... History will record the full significance of your fabulous achievements in unlocking the stupendous energy of the atom. May it be used not only as an effective weapon but in the future may it play a major part in humanity's service.

Colonel Nichols's congratulatory letter in the newspaper addressed key themes that would come to define Oak Ridge in the coming years: atoms for peace, the necessity of a nuclear America, and atomic utopianism.

Just three days later, on August 9, another atomic bomb was dropped on the port city of Nagasaki. The second bomb contained fissionable plutonium produced at the Manhattan Project site in Hanford, Washington. It was given the more corporeal nickname Fat Man. An estimated 70,000 people were killed in the

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

bombing of Nagasaki. The ghastly tally equaled five times the population of nearby Richland, the bedroom community of Hanford. Japan surrendered on August 15, less than a week later, bringing an end to the fighting. Mass radiation poisoning and slow deaths continued to ravage the targeted landscapes, but Oak Ridgers and Hanford workers were not aware of this. The propaganda around the atomic bombs created clouds of confusion, and most Manhattan Project workers had no idea of the actual effects of the bombs. They were only thrilled that the fighting had ended and that their loved ones would come home

After the War

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR WAS an immense relief for the nation as a whole, and Oak Ridge was no exception, but there were some unique anxieties that plagued the community now that the secret was out. Residents began to wonder what would become of their clandestine wartime utopia. The conclusion of the war created an environment of uncertainty behind the fence. The city's raison d'être had disappeared in a mushroom cloud, and residents were unsure how to organize their lives after the fallout. Similar worries vibrated throughout all the Manhattan Project sites. For Oak Ridge, these fears were partially alleviated when on September 6, 1945, Colonel Nichols announced that the site would continue to operate, although it was not entirely clear in what capacity and on what scale. This would depend on a decision by Congress regarding who would control the nation's atomic weapons and nuclear energy industries. While American citizens, both inside and outside the no-longer-secret locations of Oak Ridge, Hanford, and Los Alamos, celebrated the end of the war, many scientists had grown ambivalent or even entirely against the idea of atomic weapons. Some felt the bombs should not have been used at all after Germany surrendered. Others worried about the precedent set by the bombing of Japan and what the future of atomic weaponry and atomic warfare could bring.

Those who chose to stay in the city after the war accepted that Oak Ridge was the birthplace of the atomic bomb, whether they were enthusiastic boosters of the new nuclear industries or not. Still, along with the rest of the nation they had to deal with some harsh realities of the Atomic Age. By 1946, it was clear that now that the formula and method for developing atomic weapons had been devised, (1) atomic bombs could be manufactured rather quickly and relatively cheaply by an organized nation-state, (2) there is no military defense against atomic bombs, and (3) the United States' monopoly on nuclear weapons would be fleeting. After World War II, despite or perhaps because of the global fear of atomic warfare, Oak Ridge simply went about its business—the

Secret

by Lindsey A. Freeman

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

business of separating isotopes and enriching uranium for nuclear weapons. And the hum and the buzz of the factories continued. And it was discovered that a temporary community born from the emergency of war could be made to last if that spirit of emergency could be extended indefinitely, to be "not the exception but the rule," as the German philosopher Walter Benjamin wrote in his famous essay "On the Concept of History."

The Atomic City in Technicolor

FROM 1943 TO 1945, everything in the Atomic City was uniform but the leaves blazing in the autumnal Appalachian hilltops. By 1946, the physical and social landscape of Oak Ridge had undergone many changes: the trailer camps were removed, plans were drawn up for more permanent housing, the city had a radio station with the popular morning show *Up'N'Atom*, Southern Bell had taken over the phone lines from the military, a civilian newspaper (the *Oak Ridge Journal*) was in circulation, and residents were able to paint their houses any color they wished [instead of the neutral required during the war]. In the 1946 Oak Ridge High School yearbook, *The Oak Twig*, Joan Gilliam described the newly hued post-nuclear house in rhyme: "Square shaped box / Flat on top / Painted the color / Of a lollypop." Like a soldier home on leave, Oak Ridge began to slip out of its olive drab and into something more colorful and comfortable, transforming the town's aesthetic. Despite all these changes toward a more typical American community, the future of the city and its relationship to the emerging nuclear industries hung in the balance.

The year spent waiting for the federal government to decide the fate of nuclear energy and the nuclear weapons industries was a tense one for Oak Ridgers, marked by uncertainty, rumors, and the mass exodus of many friends and neighbors. After World War II, the population of Oak Ridge rapidly dropped from 75,000 to 52,000 in only three months. And by June 1946, the population had fallen to just 43,000. Workers left for a variety of reasons; many had come only "for the duration." Some left on their own accord, either because they could not handle the job insecurity or simply because they desired to be somewhere else, whether for employment opportunities, familial reasons, or romantic possibil-

Opposite: Oak Ridgers pack the Thrifty Drug Store's soda counter. Life was pleasant in the thoroughly planned "Atomic City," but pleasanter if you were white. African Americans—stuck in lower-paying jobs—lived in meager hutments in the Gamble Valley sector. Their kids attended separate schools. Above: Shoppers browse the windows of a McCrory's five-and-dime in Jackson Square.

This page: On August 6, 1945, Oak Ridgers learned what they'd been working on as news of Hiroshima crackled across US airwaves. In Jackson Square, they celebrated their role. The bomb they helped create had destroyed Hiroshima in a single blast (killing almost as many people as lived in Oak Ridge). Three days later, another bomb struck Nagasaki. Opposite: Soon Japan surrendered, devastated by the new bombs. Oak Ridge got the news on August 14 and erupted with joy.

The Big Secret of Oak Ridge Citizens

by Lindsey A. Freeman

PHOTO BY ■ WESCOTT COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

ities, any of the common reasons why people leave one place for another. Others were subject to the massive layoffs that occurred when the city's needs changed. And some left because they disagreed with the decision to use the atomic bomb against Japan and regretted their role in killing innocent civilians. In a display of Oak Ridgidness, my grandparents stayed on, hoping for permanence. They never left. They are now buried less than a mile from the Y-12 National Security Complex [the portion of Clinton Engineer Works that produced enriched uranium].

MOST WORKERS ON the Manhattan Project who stayed in Oak Ridge after the war enjoyed their work and still speak with pride about the job they did and the grit they exhibited under the tough and anxious conditions of wartime. In a 1946 article for the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, Oak Ridge's head psychiatrist Eric Clarke wrote, "Living behind a barb wire barricade had its advantages." Expressing a common sentiment, another resident said, "It was terrible, but we loved every minute of it." My grandmother told me "it was a step up" for our family.

The decision to stay put was sometimes called "Oak Ridgidness," an extenuation of the "can do, make do" wartime ethos. This sensibility also carried with it the belief that Oak Ridgers knew what was best for Oak Ridge and for the world concerning nuclear industries and nuclear technologies. Individual workers in Oak Ridge came to think of the success of the Manhattan Project as contingent upon their role, each worker a necessary and essential component to the sprawling apparatuses of atomic Fordism. They saw the success of the Project as not merely the result of [physicist J. Robert] Oppenheimer and his team of scientific geniuses in the desert of New Mexico, but rather as the combined result of all those who stuck it out when the rubber met the road. Folks who stayed in Oak Ridge became, in [novelist] E.L. Doctorow's words, "people of the bomb," and their Oak Ridgidness grew with their renewed commitment to the possibilities of nuclear science in the immediate postwar moment and became even stronger as the community stepped up to the challenges of the Cold War. This banding together created a new type of connectedness, a new type of social cohesion among those who worked on the atomic bomb project and lived in the community it created.

After the atomic bombings of Japan, it was no longer possible to think of a pre-nuclear world. In the aftermath of the mushroom cloud, new occupations, new social types, and new cities were created—proving once again the concept of "normal" to be a moving target. Oak Ridge was ahead of the curve, pioneering two characteristic features of the Atomic Age: a new kind of American community planning that would spread across the country in the 1950s and the new science of nuclear physics that would shape military and energy policies for decades to come. Even now, Oak Ridgers never cop to being normal; they cling to their Oak Ridgidness, still different from those outside the now invisible fence, still special, still scientific.... ★

LINDSEY A. FREEMAN, *an assistant professor of sociology at Buffalo State University, is the author of the new book* Longing for the Bomb: Oak Ridge and Atomic Nostalgia. *Her grandfather, Frank McLemore, worked at Oak Ridge during the war as a courier, driving fissionable uranium and other classified materials around the United States in an unmarked white truck*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The Debate Continues:
Was America Right to Use the Atomic Bomb?

☑ NO

While the Emperor Fiddled

Safe with His Majesty in a bunker beneath Tokyo, Japan's samurai rulers hardly noticed Hiroshima and Nagasaki burning. Did the bombs even matter?

by Paul Ham

IMAGINE IF SOMEONE PURPORTING to be Jesus Christ were to assume spiritual leadership of America in a time of war and government propaganda convinced the public that he was indeed the Second Coming. How far would the American people, the great majority of whom believe in God, go to defend the life of the divine being in their midst? Only through this prism can we begin to understand the feeling of ordinary Japanese citizens toward Emperor Hirohito in 1945. To them, the emperor was a living god, the Sacred Crane, descended from the sun goddess. His spiritual essence *was* Japan. He would conquer her enemies and deliver the nation.

In 1945 belief in Hirohito's sacred provenance sustained the psychological resistance of the Japanese to their encircling destruction. By the start of the year, the Japanese were utterly defeated. They had lost their navy and most of their air force. The bulk of their army was in China and unable to return home. The islands were locked inside the US Navy's ring of steel, denying food and supplies, and cities were daily subjected to Major General Curtis LeMay's firebombing raids, which would soon reduce more than 60 cities to smoking ruins.

Yet Japan's Supreme War Council of half a dozen samurai leaders refused to utter the words "We surrender." The Big Six who ran the country from a bunker under the ruins of Tokyo continued to press for a negotiated peace that would deliver Japan's chief condition: the preservation of the life of the emperor and the imperial dynasty. They stuck to this condition because no Japanese leader could bear the responsibility of handing over the Sacred Crane to the Americans to be tried as a war criminal. In the name of the emperor, then, the Japanese regime would refuse to surrender, and nothing, not even the annihilation of the Japanese people, would deflect these grim old men from the task of securing a conditional peace.

Meanwhile, the Japanese regime was expecting, and preparing for, a land invasion by US forces. The military hardliners welcomed this prospect, which they thought inevitable; great American casualties would force Washington to sue for a negotiated peace. Aware of this, President Harry Truman was determined to avoid a land invasion. The appalling casualties of Okinawa were high in his mind as he met with the Joint Chiefs of Staff on June 18 to discuss the invasion plan. The atomic bomb would not be tested for a month, so it was not considered an option.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff estimated that the likely casualties of an invasion would be 31,000 during the first month. The figure was subsequently tripled, but it never reached the hundreds of thousands or a million casualties routinely cited after the war to justify dropping the bomb. In fact, the US combat force scheduled to invade Japan numbered about 750,000, so the grossly irresponsible suggestion being made was that most or all of the US invasion force would have been wiped out.

In any case, Truman decided to shelve the invasion plan in early July, two weeks before the atomic test scheduled for July 16 in the New Mexico desert. It was thus never a case of *either* the bomb *or* an invasion. It was why invade Japan at all? Why risk thousands of American lives attacking a defeated nation? Why grant the old samurai their dying wish to martyr themselves and their people? Why not wait a few weeks for the Soviets to join the war and for the US naval blockade to starve Japan into submission?

RETRACING THE STORY FROM THE END of the Potsdam Conference on July 26, this meeting of the Big Three leaders of the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain resulted in an Allied declaration to Japan to surrender unconditionally or face "prompt and utter destruction." The nature of that destruction, by atomic power, was not revealed, of course. But by now, the atomic weapons were on their way to the US naval base at Tinian in the Mariana Islands, and their use, after investing so much money and effort, had an unstoppable momentum.

That day, before Tokyo's leaders read the ultimatum, they had made an unusually explicit offer through the world's press to surrender on the condition that the emperor be allowed to stay on the throne. Japan "pleads for an easing of unconditional surrender," reported the *International Herald Tribune*. The US Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes* stated, "Tokyo Radio…said today that Japan is ready to call off the war if the US will modify its peace terms." But would Japan agree to foreign occupation? To abandon the machinery of militarism and totalitarian government? Those were the issues that mattered to the White House, which understand

OPPOSITE: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

In 1935, his ninth year as emperor, Hirohito ("Abundant Benevolence") poses in uniform. His reign was Japan's Showa ("Enlightened Peace") era, but militarism dominated its first decades. When this photo was made, Japan's Kwangtung Army had occupied Manchuria, China, for four years.

While the Emperor Fiddled

by Paul Ham

ably dismissed the latest peace offer as one in a long stream of unacceptable demands

The next day, the Japanese war council read the Potsdam Declaration. Two points brought relief, at least among the relative moderates: Prime Minister Kantaro Suzuki, Minister for Foreign Affairs Shigenori Togo, and Minister of the Navy Mitsumasa Yonai. First, the Soviet Union was not a signatory. US Secretary of State James Byrnes had persuaded Truman to strike Russia's name from the draft. The Japanese moderates dared to hope that meant the Soviet Union remained neutral, as it had agreed to do under the April 1941 Russo-Japanese Neutrality Pact. So they resolved to continue pressing Moscow to mediate a conditional peace, which Soviet Premier Josef Stalin had no intention of doing. Second, the ultimatum offered the Japanese people the chance to choose their postwar government, implying the possible retention of the emperor.

The three war council hardliners—Minister of War Korechika Anami, Chief of the Navy General Staff Soemu Toyoda, and Chief of the Army General Staff Yoshijiro Umezu—drew the darkest interpretation of the ultimatum. To them, the absence of any reassurance of the emperor's safety pointedly meant he would be punished and probably executed—tantamount to the destruction of the soul of Nippon. They concluded that they must reject what they deemed a hateful document. To surrender the national godhead would condemn them as the most reviled figures in Japanese history. None was willing to sign a paper they interpreted as the emperor's death warrant.

On July 28 the hardliners compelled Prime Minister Suzuki officially to "*mokusatsu*," a Japanese negotiating tactic that translated as "kill it with silence"—silent contempt, that is. Suzuki obliged. "The government does not think that [the Potsdam Declaration] has serious value," he told the Japanese press. "We will do our utmost to fight the war to the bitter end."

And so, like monks cloistered with their myths, the war council resolved to fight on, dreaming of Soviet-sponsored peace talks from which Japan would emerge with honor, oblivious to the fact that, in the eyes of the world, the Japanese regime had nothing with which to negotiate, and less honor.

On the morning that the B-29 *Enola Gay* took off from the Tinian airfield carrying the first atomic bomb, the Japanese leaders were still waiting, hoping, for a Soviet reply to their feelers for peace. The bomb fell out of a warm, blue sky at 8:15 A.M., instantly killing 75,000 people in Hiroshima, most of them civilians—old men, women, and children—and leveling the city center. Hundreds of thousands more would succumb to burns, radiation sickness, and cancers in the coming months and years (death by Hiroshima- and Nagasaki-related leukemias would peak in the 1950s).

At first, Tokyo's leaders refused to believe that America had dropped an *atomic* bomb, and they suppressed all media reference to that claim made in US leaflets that fell over the cities. There were no photos in Hiroshima at that time and no television. Waves of US bombers had struck the city on the night of August 6, according to the official Japanese line. This squared with the experience of millions of people; a day earlier, American leaflets had warned 12 mid-size Japanese cities of their imminent destruction (Hiroshima, 1 of 5 cities being preserved for atomic attack, was not among the 12).

ALL PHOTOS THIS SPREAD: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Civilian ignorance at the highest level of the Japanese government persisted until the morning of August 7. That afternoon, the Cabinet of Japan met in the underground war rooms in Tokyo. Foreign Minister Togo, who sat on the war council and the cabinet and was one of the more sentient men in the room, had satisfied himself that Truman was telling the truth, that the bomb was indeed atomic. He argued for a swift surrender in line with the Potsdam Declaration

THIS MET WITH STRONG DISSENT. The war faction, led by the fanatical War Minister Anami, also a member of both the council and the cabinet, insisted they await the results of an investigation into the weapon. Far from being shocked into submission, as American officials later claimed, Anami and his fellow hardliners ignored the atomic threat. Togo's proposal to surrender was not even listed as an agenda item for further discussion. The

As US incendiary and atom bombs fell, Japan's Supreme War Council debated what to do. Above: Three members—Prime Minister Kantaro Suzuki, Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo, and Navy Minister Mitsumasa Yonai—were willing to consider a surrender that left Hirohito on his throne. Opposite: The others—War Minister Korechika Anami, Navy Chief of Staff Soemu Toyoda, and Army Chief of Staff Yoshijiro Umezu—wanted to fight on.

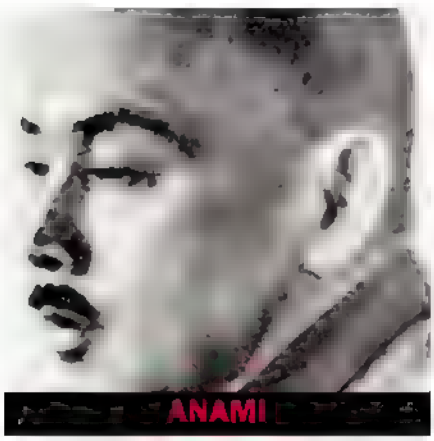
militarists persisted in the delusion that fighting on would force negotiations over Japan's claim on Manchuria, the right to conduct their own war-crimes trials, and other pie in the-sky notions that bore no connection to reality. To them, Hiroshima was no more or less than another city that had died in a country that had already lost more than 60 cities. The elderly, hard-of-hearing Suzuki acquiesced to the hardliners.

A more ominous threat, in the regime's eyes, emanated from the gathering storm on the Manchurian border with the Soviet Union. The Soviets had massively underscored their deadly intent on July 28, sending out 381 eastbound military trains loaded with 170,000 troops, hundreds of guns and tanks, and—vital for an invasion—300 barges, 83 pontoon bridges, and 2,900 horses. That should have alerted Tokyo to the fantasy of Stalin's neutrality. Over the past four months, more than a million Soviet troops and tons of materiel had traveled 6,000 miles to the Pacific theater in one of the greatest redeployments in the history of warfare.

Suzuki scheduled an immediate meeting of the war council and the cabinet. The war council itself then met at 10 A.M., unaware that an hour later the B-29 *Bockscar* would reach the air over Nagasaki bearing a plutonium bomb.

WHILE NAGASAKI BURNED, the war council members continued talking in their bunker beneath the imperial palace, unaware as yet of the city's destruction. They debated the Soviet invasion. Hiroshima was barely mentioned. The moderates insisted that in the face of Soviet power, Japan had no choice other than to surrender (when Suzuki later heard that the Soviets had overrun the Japanese forces in Manchuria, he responded, "Is the Kwantung Army that weak? Then the game is up.")

The council's peace and war factions were again divided. The peace faction believed Japan should surrender in line with the Potsdam terms on the condition that the emperor be preserved. The war faction insisted that Japan should surrender only if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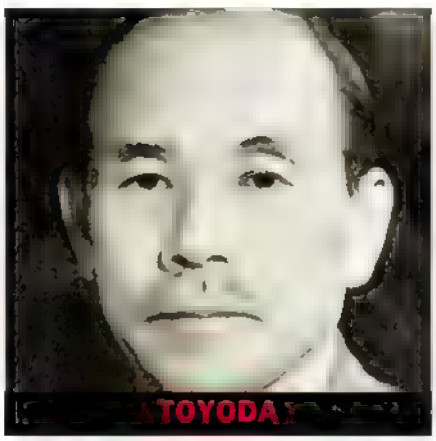

TOYODA

UMEZU

The Soviet deployment accelerated after the Kremlin got news of the atomic bomb. It depressed Stalin that his allies had so casually excluded him from the Potsdam Declaration. His paranoia now construed the bomb as an act of hostility directed against the Soviet Union (certainly Secretary of State Byrnes intended the bomb in part as a means of "managing Russian aggression"). Most of all, Stalin feared the loss of the prizes agreed to at the Big Three's Yalta Conference earlier that year if Japan were to surrender at once to the Americans. Indeed, Stalin had an eye on claiming Hokkaido, Japan's second largest island. "Russia's own self-interests now demand that she actually share in the victory," a US intelligence summary warned in late July, "and it seems certain that she will intervene..., although it is impossible to say when."

So it should not have shocked Japan's leaders when they received news of the Soviet declaration of war early on August 9. At 7 A.M. Suzuki went to see Hirohito. It was a historic meeting. Hirohito said he was willing to intervene to accept the Potsdam terms. Suzuki agreed: far better to surrender to America than risk the prospect of a communist foothold on the motherland. Togo had reached the same conclusion that morning, with the condition that "the acceptance of the Potsdam Proclamation shall not have any influence on the position of the Imperial House." Hirohito's life and throne must be preserved. That condition would stand, come hell or high water—or even nuclear war.

America agreed to preserve the emperor, let Japanese forces voluntarily withdraw, permit the Japanese government to try alleged war criminals itself, and leave Japan's mainland territory free of foreign occupation.

The moderates knew these demands were fantasies, but the war faction controlled the armed forces, whose officer class continued ferociously to resist any talk of surrender. Nothing of great moment had occurred in Hiroshima to persuade them otherwise. The militarists scorned the atomic bomb as a cowardly attack on defenseless civilians

Toward the end of the long meeting, a messenger arrived. He bowed low and brought news of the destruction of Nagasaki by another "special bomb." The war council members paused, registered the news, and resumed their earlier conversation about the Soviet threat. The messenger bowed apologetically and was sent on his way. "[N]o record...treated the effect [of the Nagasaki bomb] seriously," noted the official history of the Imperial General Headquarters, the Japanese equivalent of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Nagasaki, like Hiroshima, had little impact on the regime's glacial deliberations. At 11:50 that night, the war council, Hirohito, Chief Cabinet Secretary Hisatsune Sakomizu, and Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, an extreme nationalist and president of the advisory Privy Council of Japan, met in the imperial shelter. It was sweltering in the badly ventilated shelter, but each man wore a formal

While the Emperor Fiddled by Paul Ham

morning suit or military uniform, carefully pressed. Sakomizu read the Potsdam Declaration. The reading was "very hard because the contents were not cheerful things to read [to] the Emperor," he later wrote.

What should they do? One by one the war council members gave their opinions. Again, they were drearily divided. Fear of the Soviets, not of atomic bombs, guided hardline thinking. Anami warned that his four conditions must be met. His absolute control of the army fortified his refusal to accept reality, and nobody dared challenge him. He concluded with a death sentence: "We should live up to our cause even if our hundred million people have to die.... I am sure we are well prepared for a decisive battle on our mainland even against the United States."

The equally belligerent Army Chief of Staff Umezu chimed in, "I absolutely agree. Although the Soviet entry into the war is disadvantageous..., we are still not in a situation where we should be forced to agree to an unconditional surrender." He insisted on Anami's four conditions "at the minimum."

The suffering of the Japanese people had little effect on the samurai elite of the war council, spellbound by the whisper of their ancestral exhortation to die with honor. They barely registered the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. "The sudden death of ten key men [who led Japan] would have meant more than the instant annihilation of ten thousand subjects," noted the historian Robert Butow. "Hiroshima and Nagasaki were in another world."

A LITTLE AFTER 2 A.M. Suzuki rose, bowed to Hirohito, and made a statement that changed the course of Japanese history: "The situation is urgent.... I am therefore proposing to ask the Emperor his own wish [*seidan*—"sacred judgment"]. His wish should settle the issue, and the government should follow it."

Under Japanese custom, Hirohito did not decide anything by himself. He was expected to follow the government's advice rather than suffer the indignity of speaking his mind. Only once, amid a government coup attempt in February 1936, had he been asked to intervene in affairs of state. Now he was prevailed upon to speak again. What he said would either end or prolong the war.

The peace faction had laid the groundwork and knew the emperor's mind. Hirohito leaned forward and said, "I have the same opinion as the Foreign Minister." That is, Japan should surrender on condition that the dynasty be permitted to exist. "...The time has come to bear the unbearable, in order to save the people from disaster...." Hirohito's white-gloved hand wiped away tears.

Sobbing, Suzuki said, "We have heard your august Thought." Hirohito departed. Suzuki moved that Hirohito's "personal desire" be adopted as "the decision of this conference." For the first time, the war faction was effectively silenced.

Hirohito had deigned merely to express his feelings, not to instruct his subjects. He hadn't mentioned the atomic bombs or their victims. The preservation of the dynasty, and the specter of the Soviet occupation of Japan, filled the leaders' minds and permeated the debate.

Japan's government news agency dispatched Tokyo's formal surrender to Washington via the Swiss embassy in Berne. American radio picked up the message at 7:30 A.M. on August 10—the day that Admiral William "Bull" Halsey's carrier-borne planes subjected Japan to what has been considered the most unnerving bombardment of the whole war, the sustained obliteration of Japan's remaining war factories, which Major General LeMay's air raids on civilians had missed.

The Japanese insistence on a single condition perplexed Truman and his colleagues, committed as they were to forcing *unconditional* surrender. Truman canvassed views. Should they accept the condition? Yes, said a near-consensus. Secretary of War Henry Stimson explained that America needed Hirohito to pacify the army and avoid "a score of bloody Iwo Jimas and Okinawas...."

Byrnes said no. He saw no reason to accept the Japanese demand *openly*, believing that a furious American public would "crucify" Truman. Why, Byrnes asked, should we offer the Japanese easier terms now that the Allies possessed bigger sticks: the atomic bomb and the Soviet army? Yet Byrnes understood Hirohito's value at peace. Japan's dynasty may be allowed to exist, he reasoned, but it should be seen to exist at America's pleasure, not at Japanese insistence.

Truman was mightily pleased with Byrnes's contribution. "Ate lunch at my desk," he noted later. "[The Japanese] wanted to make a condition precedent to the surrender.... They wanted to keep the Emperor. We told 'em we'd tell 'em how to keep him, but we'd make the terms." However Truman dressed it up, this was the first admission that America would accept a conditional peace.

The wily Byrnes construed the compromise to read as a demand. On a single sheet of paper, he wrote the Byrnes Note, a little masterpiece of amenable diktat. It demanded an end to the Japanese military regime while promising the people self-government. It stripped Hirohito of his powers as warlord while re-crowning him "peacemaker" in the service of America. "From the moment of the surrender," the note stated, "the authority of the Emperor shall be subject to the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers...."

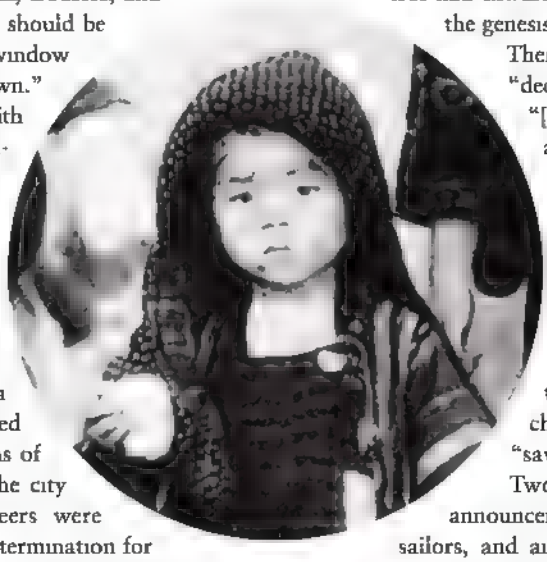
The Byrnes Note flashed to Tokyo via Switzerland on August 11, and the clock ticked. "We are all on edge waiting for the Japs to surrender," Truman wrote. "This has been a hell of a day."

LEFT: ASAHI SHIMBUN PHOTO; WIKIMEDIA COMMONS; OPPOSITE: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above: Tiny Prince Michi—future Emperor Hirohito—waves Japan's Rising Sun military flag in 1902. Japan was on the rise, the emperor was a god, and military influence was growing. Opposite: On August 10, 1945, a day after an atom bomb struck Nagasaki, a little boy holds a ball of boiled rice, a mile from ground zero. The plight of civilians there and in Hiroshima carried little weight with Japan's military leaders.

That same day, the Japanese war ministry issued an explosive exhortation to arms in Anami's name: "Even though we may have to eat grass, swallow dirt and lie in the fields, we shall fight on to the bitter end, ever firm in our faith that we shall find life in death." The Japanese spirit would somehow overcome no less than atomic warfare.

On August 12 Tokyo Radio and the national newspapers issued instructions—"Defenses against the New Bomb"—on how to withstand the nuclear threat. Civilians were told to strengthen their shelters and "flee to them at the first sight of a parachute" (a reference to the parachute attached to technical instruments dropped in advance of the bomb). Cities of Kyushu, Japan's third largest island, should expect to be atom bombed "one after another," the instructions continued. The island's 10 million residents must stand and fight America's "beastliness." Gloves, headgear, trousers, and long-sleeve shirts made of "thick cloth" should be worn at all times. "Stay away from window glass even if the shutters are pulled down." Carry emergency air-raid first aid kits with burn ointment. Nagasaki Governor Wakamatsu Nagano commissioned the design of a special field cap that was rather like a ski cap with flaps over the ears and a visor over the eyes to protect civilians "from the terrific blast and high heat" of future atomic bombs.



Radio broadcasts promoted the miraculous resurrection of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, whose people had recovered phoenix-like from the ashes. The citizens of Nagasaki were "rising again all over the city with resolute determination." Volunteers were working with "tears in their eyes and determination for revenge." A 21 year-old telephone operator named Shizuko Mori offered a shining example to all Japan. Even after hearing of the deaths of family members, she stayed at her post in Nagasaki and continued to connect the red lights flashing on her console. "I shall fight through even though I remain the only one alive," she was reported as saying. Her fellow workers were inspired as though by a miracle, Tokyo Radio announced, and "the constantly blinking lights of the dials are shining brilliantly evermore in tribute to the determination of these operators."

Into this deluded world fell the Byrnes Note. While giving the war council moderates what they wanted, it perversely strengthened hardline resistance. Umezu and Navy Chief of Staff Toyoda argued at a meeting on the 12th that acceptance would "desecrate the Emperor's dignity" and reduce Japan to a "slave nation." Tokyo fiddled as Hiroshima and Nagasaki burned.

Attempting to frame a reply, Suzuki convened another meeting of the war council, on the morning of August 13. The ministers ruminated for five hours, lapsing into arcane digressions—"we should accept in a spirit of a worm that bends itself"—and ancient references to samurai glory. Yet reality loomed like an unwelcome ghost, laying a chill hand on the more sentient men in the room. Togo grasped that the Byrnes Note preserved a shadow of the emperor. Anami's ears perked up. Accepting the note would destroy Japan, he snapped. The weight of his conflicting loyalties—to the emperor and to his army—plunged him into incoherent bluster.

Togo resolved to ask Hirohito for another *seidan*. Hirohito obliged: Japan must bear the unbearable and end the war. Anami was silenced again—for the last time. He would never defy his emperor. The next day, he committed *seppuku*, or *hara-kiri*, samurai ritual disembowelment.

At 11 P.M. Tokyo telegraphed Japan's acceptance of the Byrnes Note to Bern and Stockholm, which forwarded it to America, England, France, and the Soviet Union. Hirohito repaired to his office to record a surrender announcement for broadcast to the people. His address to a spellbound, traumatized nation never used the word "surrender." On the contrary, the Japanese had suffered the loss of a great ideal, he said, and forces beyond their control had thwarted Tokyo's benign motives. Therein lay the genesis of the myth of Japanese victimhood.

There was another reason why Tokyo had "decided" to end the war, Hirohito said. "[T]he enemy had begun to employ a new and most cruel bomb, the power of which to do damage is indeed incalculable, taking the toll of many innocent lives." Yet he, the cabinet, and the war council had barely mentioned the atomic bomb during their long discussions. If an external threat hastened their surrender, it was the Soviet invasion. Now, the bomb, perversely, handed Japan a chance to claim the moral high ground and "save face."

Two days later, Hirohito made another announcement, this one explicitly to the soldiers, sailors, and airmen of the armed forces. He directly urged them to lay down their weapons, giving a single reason: "Now that the Soviet Union has entered the war, to continue [fighting] would only result in further useless damage and eventually endanger the very foundation of the empire's existence."

In Japan's eyes, the decisive factor in surrender was the Soviet invasion and America's acceptance of Tokyo's condition that Hirohito's life and dynasty be spared. The atomic bomb had barely registered as a factor. The leaders responded to it with indifference or passing contempt. The bomb had not "shocked them into submission," as Washington later claimed and as most Americans still think. Nor had the bomb saved the lives of a million American servicemen.

The combination of the emperor's life, the US naval blockade, and the Russian invasion would have compelled Japan to surrender whether or not the bomb was used. The bomb did, however, achieve this: it gave Hirohito and Japan the basis for face-saving propaganda and for a claim—however undeserved—to the moral high ground. ★

Paul Ham *is the author of* Hiroshima Nagasaki *(2014), which appears in paperback in August 2015.*

The Debate Continues:
Was America Right to Use the Atomic Bomb?

YES

Harry Truman's Simple Decision

The choice was clear for America's president: Drop the bomb and save hundreds of thousands of lives. As time passed, critics made things complicated.

by Wilson D. Miscamble

THE USE OF ATOMIC BOMBS on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945 proved to be the most controversial decision of Harry S. Truman's presidency. Truman, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, and other policy-makers argued that the weapons brought the war to a quick end, avoiding the need for a bloody invasion of the Japanese home islands and thus saving American and Japanese lives

Eventually historians challenged that argument, and the debate heated up especially after the appearance of Gar Alperovitz's revisionist *Atomic Diplomacy* in 1965. Alperovitz and like-minded scholars argued that the bombs were dropped to intimidate the Soviet Union. To say that this view took a firm hold over a generation of American historians probably understates the matter.

More recent and careful research by scholars such as Richard B. Frank, D.M. Giangreco, and Sadao Asada has dismantled key elements of the argument that the bombs were dropped on a Japan supposedly on the brink of surrender to gain diplomatic advantage in the developing contest with the Soviet Union. The historian J. Samuel Walker, noted for his efforts to find middle ground among the rival interpretations on the use of the bomb, thoughtfully concluded that this recent literature "has gravely undermined if not totally refuted the fundamental revisionist tenets that Japan was ready to surrender on the sole condition that the emperor remain on the throne and that American leaders were well aware of Japan's desire to quit the war on reasonable terms."

Yet new works still appear regularly that propagate the myth that Truman erred in using the atomic bombs. Review of the military situation in the war's final stages and of the concurrent decision-making in both Washington and Tokyo, however, clarifies the essential soundness of his decision.

In mid 1945, Truman and his advisors focused on defeating their ferocious foe. It hardly appeared to be an easy task, and this stark reality must be appreciated fully. At Iwo Jima and Okinawa the Japanese forced the Americans to pay an enormous price for their eventual military success. American casualties at Iwo Jima numbered over 25,000, of whom over 6,000 were killed. Okinawa casualties reached 70,000, of whom 12,000 were killed. The latter stood as the bloodiest battle that the United States fought in the Pacific and the second bloodiest of the whole war, after the Battle of the Bulge.

The Japanese gave no indication of altering their resolution to die rather than surrender and accept defeat. Whatever their own appalling losses (approximately 77,000 Japanese soldiers killed at Okinawa alone and 140,000 civilians killed), they determined to fight unrelentingly in defense of their homeland. Even the brutally destructive bombing campaign of the 21st Bomber Command under Major General Curtis LeMay did not dent their resolve. American military planners understandably concluded that an unconditional Japanese surrender would come only after invading the home islands. The human toll of such an operation appeared ever more costly.

In mid June 1945 as the fighting on Okinawa entered its final phase, Truman received the unanimous recommendation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for the invasion. Operation Olympic would send 14 divisions to attack the southern island of Kyushu beginning November 1. Operation Coronet would be a major assault with 24 divisions on the Tokyo Plain of the main island of Honshu, tentatively scheduled for March 1, 1946. Casualties were expected to be high. Although some historians have questioned Truman's later suggestion that he was told the United States might suffer a million casualties, there is no question that Truman expected casualties to be high. The indefatigable research of D.M. Giangreco clarifies that Truman took very seriously former president Herbert Hoover's warning to him in late May 1945 that the invasion could cost from half a million to a million lives. Indeed he said he feared "an Okinawa from one end of Japan to the other."

There was good reason for Truman's concern, and the American military commanders increasingly began to appreciate this. The Allies' Ultra code-breaking efforts gave the Americans access to Japanese military planning during May and June, and they observed a steady buildup of Japanese forces on Kyushu. While the Japanese high command did not enjoy a similar advantage of being able to track American military planning, officials knew an invasion was coming and guessed correctly that the beaches of Kyushu would be the likely landing areas. They deter-

ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Smoke races 20,000 feet skyward and 10,000 feet across the ground at Hiroshima, Honshu, Japan, on August 6, 1945. The cause: an atom bomb fueled by the fission of uranium-235 atoms. Dropped by the US B-29 bomber *Enola Gay*, the bomb exploded at about 1,968 feet at 8:16 A.M.

mined "to convert these beachheads into graveyards for American troops," the historian Edward Drea remarked.

By June the Ultra intercepts were telling two related stories. "One was a straightforward rendition of Tokyo's hurried efforts to transform Kyushu into a mighty bastion," Drea explained. "The other was even more frightening. Nowhere in the enemy's mindset could ULTRA detect pessimism or defeatism. Instead Japan's military leaders were determined to go down fighting and take as many Americans with them as possible."

The Japanese planned to implement Ketsu Go ("Decisive Operation"), which would employ the combined strength of the Japanese army, navy, and air forces to meet the anticipated attacks on the sacred soil of their homeland. They calculated that they could inflict such punishment on US forces that the Americans would lose heart for the struggle and agree to peace terms. Through 1945 the Japanese increased conscription and raised new divisions. They also moved experienced troops home from Manchuria, China, and Korea. They had waged the war they began with notable fierceness from the outset, but, Giangreco wrote, as the invasion of their homeland approached, they adopted "attrition warfare or 'bloodletting operations'" as essential tactics to greet any invading force.

Capturing the home islands rightly appeared a daunting task, especially given the devastating threat that Japanese kamikaze attacks posed to Allied landings. The historian Stanley Weintraub does not exaggerate when he notes that "Okinawa was not a worst-case scenario" but rather a prel ude to "the far more extensive killing ground of Japan." Truman eventually approved the planning for Operation Olympic, and preparations proceeded for this massive invasion, but his concerns about American casualties must be kept clearly in mind when considering the use of the atomic bombs

By now, untold gallons of ink have been spilled discussing the decision to use the bomb, but the actual decision moved forward rather smoothly. Among the responsible decision-makers, there was no serious debate. The concerns of some dissenting scientists—such as Leó Szilárd or the authors of the Franck Report, which predicted the nuclear arms race—simply didn't rate in the eyes of the policy makers who bore responsibility for winning the war. Whatever the subsequent controversy, Truman had to make no profound and wrenching decision to use the atomic weapon. This was a "buck" that came to his desk merely so that he could endorse the consensus of his advisers. He showed no inclination to question in any way the guiding, if implied, assumption that had prevailed under his predecessor's administration that the bomb was a weapon of war built to be used. His willingness to authorize the dropping of the atomic bomb placed him in a direct continuity with Franklin Roosevelt for, as the historian Gerhard Weinberg has argued, "nothing suggests that Roosevelt, had he lived, would have decided differently." As Lieutenant General Leslie Groves of the Manhattan Project later suggested, Truman's real decision ultimately was not interfering in a course already charted and powerfully driven.

Whatever the hopes for atomic weapons, the American military in no way built its strategy for defeating Japan only on them. To achieve the ultimate goal of Japanese surrender, the Americans forcefully pursued a number of strategies: tightening the naval blockade of the Japanese home islands; continuing the massive conventional bombing assault by Major General LeMay's B-29s, which rained incendiary napalm bombs on Japanese cities; and preparing for the invasion and subsequent ground war. Each of these approaches was expected to play a part in the ultimate victory along with the participation of the Soviet Union in the Pacific war, which would tie down Japanese forces in Manchuria.

The Pacific war had been fought with a savage intensity from the outset, but in the latter months of 1944 and the early months of 1945, it took on dimensions of brutality that turned its battlefields into what the historian Eric Bergerud rightly termed "killing grounds of unusual ferocity" as Iwo Jima and Okinawa testify. Truman certainly had the brutal warfare and high American casualties on his mind as he ventured to the Potsdam Conference in July 1945, intent on confirming Josef Stalin's promise, made at the Yalta Conference in February, to enter the war against Japan. Truman appreciated meeting with Stalin at Potsdam. Like FDR, he wanted to secure Soviet-American friendship in the postwar years and to firm up Soviet participation in the Pacific war. On July 18 he excitedly wrote to his wife, "I've gotten what I came for—Stalin goes to war August 15 with no strings on it.... I'll say that we'll end the war a year sooner now, and think of the kids who won't be killed! That is the important thing." Indeed, it truly was the most important thing for Truman.

While Truman negotiated at Potsdam, the first atomic device was successfully tested at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on July 16, 1945. Reports after the 17th confirmed the powerful destructive force of the bomb, and the United States prepared to issue a final warning to the Japanese. Secretary of War Stimson sought to amend the surrender terms specifically to allow for a guarantee for the Japanese to retain their emperor, but Truman and Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, with Churchill's eventual agreement, held to the unconditional surrender demand.

On July 26 the leaders of the United States and the United Kingdom, with the endorsement of the Chinese, issued the

Above: Soviet Premier Josef Stalin (top, in white), President Harry Truman (lower right), and British Prime Minister Clement Attlee (lower left) met at Potsdam, Germany, July 17 to August 2, 1945. Truman approved use of the atom bomb on July 25, but wanted Stalin to join the war on Japan. Opposite: By 1944, when this poster appeared, Americans were war-weary. Japan showed no sign of quitting, despite horrific losses.

Potsdam Declaration. It warned the Japanese to surrender immediately or face "prompt and utter destruction." The declaration denied any intention "that the Japanese shall be enslaved as a race or destroyed as a nation," but promised that "stern justice shall be meted out to all war criminals." It pledged that Allied occupation forces would be withdrawn as soon as "there has been established in accordance with the freely expressed will of the Japanese people a peacefully inclined and responsible government." The statement called for the unconditional surrender of "all Japanese armed forces" and did not mention the emperor.

The final orders to use the atomic bombs had been issued on July 25, well before Truman began his journey home from Potsdam. He had little hesitation about using the weapon against cities, which were deemed correctly to be significant military and industrial targets. The decision caused him none of the anxiety that would afflict him during later difficult decisions, such as firing General Douglas MacArthur in 1951 in the midst of the Korean War. It was important but hardly controversial.

No action of the Japanese government or military in the period after the Potsdam Declaration encouraged either Truman or Byrnes to consider any change in American strategy. Quite the opposite. Having broken the Japanese codes, the Americans knew of tentative back-channel efforts of certain civilian officials in Tokyo led by Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo to enlist the Soviet Union in negotiating a peace settlement that would not require either a surrender and occupation of the home islands or any fundamental changes in the Japanese imperial system. Such a settlement was completely unacceptable to the Allies. The American-led alliance intended a full occupation of Japanese territory, total authority in the governing of Japan, dismantlement of Japan's military and military industrial complex, a restructuring of Japanese society, and Allied run war crimes trials. Japan would need to concede fully, as had Germany. There was no indication of such a surrender, of course, because Japanese decision makers could not countenance it. So the American policy-makers waited in vain for the Japanese to respond positively to the Potsdam Declaration's call for immediate and unconditional surrender. Instead, Japanese Prime Minister Kantaro Suzuki publicly dismissed the Potsdam terms on July 28 and July 30.

DESPITE THE THUNDEROUS bombing campaign from March to August, which had left no sizable city untouched, the Japanese planned to continue their war effort. Indeed, members of the Japanese military appeared to relish the opportunity to punish American invaders who dared intrude on their home islands. They held strongly to the main elements of Ketsu Go. American officials fully appreciated this disastrous and near-suicidal strategy, as the excellent research of Drea and Giangreco has now made indisputably clear.

Eager to force Japan's defeat before paying any invasion's high cost in American blood, Truman allowed the predetermined policy to proceed. He and his associates didn't seek to avoid using the bomb, and critics who focus on alternatives to the new weapon distort history by overemphasizing them. America's leaders saw

no reason to focus on alternate actions because they viewed the atomic bomb as another weapon in the Allied arsenal, along with complements—*not* alternatives—such as the naval blockade, continued conventional bombing, the threat of invasion, and Soviet entry into the Pacific war. Together, they hoped, these might secure a Japanese surrender before American troops waded ashore on the southern beaches of Kyushu. Forcing a Japanese surrender was the goal of using both atomic bombs and of the Soviet Union joining the war on August 8, 1945.

THE AMERICANS APPRECIATED WELL that the Soviets had rushed their declaration of war, but the reigning American assumption, as Byrnes had learned at Potsdam, held that the Soviets would have their way in Manchuria whatever happened elsewhere in the Pacific theater. Truman took the Soviet intervention in stride and with real satisfaction. He made a brief announcement to White House reporters that "Russia has declared war on Japan," deeming the matter as "so important" that it required he address it in person. In his radio report on the Potsdam Conference on the evening of August 9, Truman referred to Soviet entry into the Pacific war and "gladly welcomed into this struggle against the last of the Axis aggressors our gallant and victorious ally against the Nazis." Privately, he affirmed to his aides that he had gone to Potsdam "entirely for the purpose of making sure that Stalin would come in then [August 15] or earlier if possible." He expressed no regret whatsoever at his efforts. The contentions by the historian Tsuyoshi Hasegawa, in his book *Racing the Enemy*, that Truman felt a "sense of betrayal" at the Soviet entry into the war and that Truman was a "disappointed man" because of the Soviet action are not substantiated by the historical evidence.

Initial reports of the extensive damage the bomb did to Hiroshima on August 6 reached Tokyo the next day. The Cabinet of Japan reviewed the partial and somewhat confusing information and the details of Truman's threatening call for immediate surrender. By August 8 certain key civilian officials understood well that more bombs might be on their way. The military nonetheless remained committed to Ketsu Go, whatever the awful damage to Hiroshima, and Japanese authorities formally held back from any decision in reaction to the American threat. But Foreign Minister Togo, the government's leading civilian proponent of a peace settlement, planted the seeds for an eventual change in policy when he visited the imperial palace on August 8 and briefed Emperor Hirohito. As the historian Tristan Grunow explained, Togo "used the bombing of Hiroshima and American broadcasts promising to drop more bombs on Japan to press his argument for ending the war, urging that Japan could 'seize the opportunity' to surrender quickly." Togo recalled that Hirohito agreed: "now that such a new weapon has appeared, it has become less and less possible to continue war.... So my wish is to make such arrangements as will end the war as soon as possible." Hirohito's response came before any news of a Soviet declaration of war reached him, and it confirms the decisive importance of the atomic attack on Hiroshima in forcing the ultimate surrender. It proved difficult, however, to translate this imperial wish, which did not specify any detailed terms of surrender, into a formal policy decision because the Japanese military proved resistant to any notion of laying down arms.

The Japanese military clung to notions of a decisive battle in defense of the homeland and still hoped to inflict such punishment on the invader that he would sue for peace terms. Even after Hiroshima *and* Nagasaki *and* the Soviet attack on Japanese forces in Manchuria, the Japanese military still wanted to pursue that desperate option. Fortunately, Hirohito, in an unprecedented intervention, broke the impasse in the Japanese government and called for surrender. Ultimately the atomic bombs allowed him and the peace faction in the Japanese government to negotiate an end to the war. Of course, that was a near-miss action, as elements in the Japanese military launched a coup in an attempt to block any move to surrender.

As hard as it has been for some historians to concede, the atomic bombs brought an end to the war in the Pacific. Japan most certainly would have fought on considerably longer unless the United States and its allies had accepted major changes to the Potsdam surrender terms. Of course, it is clear that the United States eventually could have defeated Japan without the atomic bomb, but the alternate scenarios to secure victory—continued bombing of Japanese cities and infrastructure, a choking naval blockade, terrible invasions involving massive firepower—would have meant significantly greater Allied casualties and much higher Japanese civilian and military casualties.

Those who rush to judge Truman's decision to use the atomic bombs should hesitate a little to appreciate that had he not authorized the attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, thousands of American and Allied soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen would have been added to the lists of those killed in World War II. This would have included not only those involved in the planned invasions of the home islands, but also American, British, and Australian ground forces in Southeast Asia and the Southwest Pacific who expected to engage the Japanese in bloody fighting in the months preceding such assaults. Added to their number would have been the thousands of Allied prisoners of war whom the Japanese planned to execute. Could an American president have survived politically and personally knowing that he might have used a weapon that could have avoided their slaughter but did

Above: US firebombs burn Toyama, an aluminum-producing city, on August 1, 1945. A similar raid had razed Tokyo on March 10, causing death on par with an atom bomb. Fiery raids on other cities followed. Still no surrender. Opposite: A US marine mourns a killed buddy on Okinawa, which Americans invaded on April 1, 1945. The grueling, suicidal defense by the Japanese foreshadowed what awaited invaders of their homeland.

not? Furthermore, as hard as it may be to accept when seeing the visual record of the terrible destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japanese losses would have been substantially greater without the atomic bombs

THE USE OF THE ATOMIC WEAPONS also abruptly ended the death and suffering of innocent third parties among peoples throughout Asia. Rather surprisingly, the enormous wartime losses of the Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, Vietnamese, and Javanese at the hands of the Japanese receive little attention in weighing the American effort to shock the Japanese into surrender. The losses in Hiroshima and Nagasaki assuredly were horrific, but they pale when compared to the estimates of 17 to 24 million deaths attributed to the Japanese during their rampage from Manchuria to New Guinea. The historian Gavan Daws accurately described "Asia under the Japanese" as "a charnel house of atrocities." During the months of war following the attack on Pearl Harbor, reliable estimates establish that between 200,000 to 300,000 people died each month either directly or indirectly at Japanese hands. The historian Robert Newman tellingly reveals that "the last months were in many ways the worst; starvation and disease aggravated the usual beatings, beheadings and battle deaths. It is plausible to hold that upwards of 250,000 people, mostly Asian but some Westerners, *would have died each month the Japanese Empire struggled in its death throes beyond July 1945.*" (Italics in the original)

From the perspective of seven decades passed, Truman's use of the bomb, when viewed in the context of the long and terrible war, should be seen as his choosing the least harmful of the options available to him. Admittedly, he did not weigh these options in a careful moral calculus at the time, but fair-minded observers will see that he chose the one that did the least harm. Stimson had it exactly right when he wrote in 1947, "the decision to use the atomic bomb was a decision that brought death to over a hundred thousand Japanese. No explanation can change that fact and I do not wish to gloss over it. But this deliberate, premeditated destruction was our least abhorrent choice."

Despite the continuing swirl of controversy that surrounds Truman's decision, some essential conclusions must be acknowledged. First, the principal motive for using the new weapon lay in a potent mix of desire to force Japan's surrender and to save American lives. Second, the bombs contributed decisively to forcing that surrender and in bringing the brutal war to an end prior to any costly invasion of the Japanese home islands. Furthermore, while the atomic bomb was never entirely separated from considerations of postwar international politics, the decision to use it was not driven by these concerns. The atomic bombs were used primarily for a military purpose. And they proved effective in ending the Second World War. ★

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WAR STORIES

A WWII Scrapbook

THE HIDDEN TOLL OF WAR

In Campbell, California, rests the quaint home my grandfather purchased after World War II. In this home hangs an enlarged photograph of my grandfather. It's Germany '45. At initial glance you think duty and honor. Look past the polished frame and glass, however, and you see the toll of war. The snapshot was taken after long and arduous campaigns through Africa and across Europe. My grandfather earned three medals with the army's 70th Infantry Division.

Sadly, at the exact time my grandfather, Frank George Burns, was fighting in Germany, his wife was killed when the family car was struck by a drunk driver. The vehicle spun, skidded, and rolled for 26 feet. My father, only three years old, was ejected. In a photograph I have, you can see defeat on my grandfather's shoulders as he makes his way home through Italy. After the war, he smoked a lot. He was a fixture at the local tattoo parlor. He would drink until a fellow patron would offer him a ride home

I knew my grandfather to be a good man. My father has told me the stories, but war is a terrible place. We like to think that the sacrifices we make are for the greater good, and I don't doubt that. But what of the toll on the servicemen? These loyalists who swear by honor and country, who sacrifice their blood and sanity for land and opportunity—who documents their aftermath?

Whenever grandfather was arrested, father would also be taken in. The juvenile hall where he was held was a short distance from the county jail. Short enough that counselors would allow my father to bring fresh vegetables to his father and serve sandwiches to inmates. On my father's 14th birthday, my grandfather died of lung cancer.

My father visits the military burial ground every Memorial Day. I remember accompanying my father, watching him salute. He doesn't talk much of the toll and loss. But like his own father, you need only to glance at his gait to see it.

COURTESY OF FRANK GEORGE BURNS

Frank George Burns in Paris. Burns survived the war, but back home, his wife was killed by a drunk driver.

C.F. Villa
grandson of a wartime infantryman
Tracy, California

TO THE RHINE AND BEYOND

My outfit was the the 552nd Anti Aircraft Artillery (Automatic Weapons) Battalion. I was in C Battery, 2nd platoon, gun crew, Section Number 4, attached to the 78th "Lightning" Division. I began my military service at Camp Hulen in Palacios, Texas, on February 25, 1943. We departed for Great Britain on February 22, 1944, and arrived in Firth of Clyde, Scotland, seven days later. Then we convoyed to Southampton, England, to board a Liberty ship for the D-Day invasion. A few days later, we were taken to the beachhead at Utah Beach, Normandy, France.

Once we landed in France, we moved all over, from Sainte-Mère-Église to Saint Lô, Vire, and Mortain. We moved close to Paris, France, while it was being liberated. From there, we moved to Luxembourg, then to Verviers, Belgium. Next, we moved near to Aachen and Joln [probably Koln, usually known in English as Cologne], Germany, where we guarded an ammunition dump.

Our next assignment was at Rodgin [Roetgen], Germany. When the Germans hit Bastogne [Belgium] to begin the Battle of the Bulge, we were in the direct line of fire. We retreated several miles and were ready to move again when the enemy halted.

We moved to the Ruhr River, near Schmidt, Germany, and were told to set up in a clearing of approximately one acre in the forest. Field artillery guns were at the edge of our clearing, constantly firing over our heads for three days and nights. We were never issued any form of hearing protection. After the shelling stopped, my hearing did not return for three days. After the battle was over, we moved to Schmidt and saw dead bodies all over the hills and valleys. It bothers me to this day.

Our next assignment was near the bridge [the Ludendorff Bridge over the Rhine River] at Remagen, Germany. The bridge was not blown when the infantry arrived, so they were able to go across and secure it. When the bridge was secured, the troops near the bridge were ordered to cross as quickly as possible, but could not do so until 2 A.M. There were so many holes in the deck of the bridge, due to shelling, that when we crossed in the dark of night, we had to put a man at each front wheel to feel for holes in the bridge so our truck wouldn't fall into the river below. It took over three hours to cross the bridge, during which we took heavy artillery fire from the Germans. This was one of the times my whole crew was sure we were going to die.

After we crossed the bridge, we set up roughly a half mile away to protect it from enemy aircraft. Nine days later, the bridge collapsed into the Rhine due to the constant enemy shelling. We then moved into central Germany and continued to fight until the Germans surrendered

FOREST A. PRUITT
wartime anti-aircraft artillerist
Muskogee, Oklahoma

DING HOW, AMERICANS!

I WAS A MEMBER of the first B-29 unit and we trained outside of Hays, Kansas. We secretly left base one night for our new assignment overseas. Lacking shipping, we were held up for three months in Oran, Africa. Finally arriving at our forward base in eastern India, I found out that we were the last to arrive. Within days, I was flown with eight other members to our forward base in China.

I was assigned to intelligence and my boss was a captain, a former high school teacher from Maine. My first assignments were to go to the airfield and take charge of the intelligence building—easy to locate since it was the only building, other than the control tower. We sent word back to India for a team of intelligence personnel to report with necessary charts, etc., to prepare for the first mission.

Within days, we were ready and the B-29 came to China prepared for the first mission. At the briefing, they were told the first target was the Yawata iron and steel works, which produced more than 50 percent of the country's steel. The planes took off while I monitored their progress across China via radio

Late the following afternoon, everyone was at the field sweating the return of our aircraft. Soon one of our planes appeared, coming down the valley at low level, turned, and made a perfect landing. A great air of excitement as the crew left the plane. A truck came to take them for an intelligence debriefing, while the ground crew walked away. I noticed three Chinese officials standing in the corner. Worrying about Japanese agents trying to destroy our aircraft, I decided to keep an eye on them. The Chinese walked close to the aircraft while one walked under the bomb doors and looked inside. He cried out to the others to join him, for the bomb racks were empty. This was their evidence that Japan had been bombed.

Soon the word passed across China, and many groups came to the base and offered us entertainment. Walking to town one day, I saw a farmer plowing his field in preparation to cultivate rice. When he saw me, he raced to a small house across the way, jumping up and down and crying out. Soon his wife and two small children joined him and they were excited. They all ran back into the field and lined up facing the roadway. As I passed, they gave me a deep bow. The father raised his right arm and thumb and said, "*Ding how*," meaning "You're the best."

Entering the village, young women came forward and tried to give me their babies to hold. Walking, a large crowd had appeared, all with smiles. Within a week, we received an invitation to a dinner party in this village. After the war, in my retirement, I made many trips back to China and was warmly greeted.

KENNEY NELSON
wartime US Army Air Forces intelligence officer
Camarillo, California

1940s GI and civilian patter

sea daddy: the good-hearted veteran who shows a green sailor the ropes

put the bug on: turn on the firefly, er, flashlight

tropical chocolate: the Hershey bar in the rations of soldiers stationed in hot climates; it didn't melt in hot temperatures

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I WAS THERE

A Wild Duck's War

By Rolland Root • Edited by Garnette Helvey Bane

ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY COURTESY OF JUDY PAGE

ONE THING ROLLAND ROOT LEARNED in school was that he had talent with a paintbrush. So after graduation in 1937, he put his artistic skill to work, starting Root Sign Service in his hometown of Galesburg, Illinois. In just a few years, he'd be painting warplanes halfway around the world.

Root, who went by the nickname Rol, was 21 years old when he decided to join the army and enlisted on November 25, 1941. Days later, Japanese warplanes and mini-submarines attacked Pearl Harbor, and he was on a fast track to war.

After fitness assessment at Keesler Field, Mississippi, Root completed aircraft armorers school at Lowry Field, Colorado. In April 1942 he learned he was "destined for foreign duty with the 309th Fighter Squadron," part of the US Army Air Forces' 31st Fighter Group. When the 309th received its planes in England that June, it became one of the few US squadrons flying British Supermarine Spitfire single-seat fighters. As an armorer, Root worked on the ground, loading those planes with ammunition and ordnance.

Root's two years with the 309th took him to Twelfth Air Force

Above, left: A British ground crew swarms over a Supermarine Spitfire, the main Royal Air Force fighter. Few American units flew Spitfires, but the 309th Fighter Squadron, in which Illinoisan Rolland Root was an armorer, did. Above, right: Root dons flight gear next to a 309th Spitfire. It's unclear why; an armorer's work was on the ground, and Spitfires were single-seat fighters.

bases in England, France, North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. Along the way, he painted planes, created a Spitfire mural for an officers club, and designed and painted the Donald Duck insignia of the Wild Ducks, his 309th Squadron. On the side, he taught himself trumpet and formed a group that practiced at the edge of camp.

In the following excerpts from Root's wartime journal, one name gets warm treatment: Madoline. A switchboard operator and dancer, Madoline Henry was Root's "Irish sweetheart." As you'll see, Root worries whether their relationship will survive his service overseas.

Root spent Thanksgiving 1942 near Oran, Algeria, with the 309th. For the holiday feast the squadron bought 32 chickens, 6 ducks, 5 pigs, 4 turkeys, and a cow.

June 4, 1942: Left New York on world's largest steamer, "The Queen Elizabeth." [The 1938 Cunard ocean liner RMS *Queen Elizabeth* was a WWII troop transport. For 57 years she was the largest passenger ship ever built.]

June 10: Arrived at Glasgow, Scotland; and then, High Ercall, [west central] England, June 11. Our squadron given 30 Spitfires, each manning four [.303 caliber] Browning machine guns and two 20mm Hispano Suiza cannons.

July 12: High Ercall to RAF [Royal Air Force] Kenley Field, 10 miles south of London. Saw London and other blitzed cities. We returned to High Ercall July 16, and visited by the King and Queen.

July 17: Flew to Warmwell Field [south west England] on the Channel.

July 27 at 6 A.M.: Saw first bombing at Weymouth; pilots fired at aerial targets at Warmwell.

July 31: Westhampnett Field near Chichester [southeast England]. Our squadron became operational, and I made Corporal.

Aug. 17: First bombing of Germans by RAF in Great Britain. Used B-17s [Flying Fortress heavy bombers]. Our squadron with three other fighter squadrons escorted the bombers

Aug. 19, 1942: [309th fighters] started into France [to support the Allied raid on German-held Dieppe, France]. Lost three aircraft, but no men. Pilot [Lieutenant] Sam Junkin wounded in shoulder by cannon fire [but scored his first confirmed victory before going down. He received the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Flying Cross.] Bombs dropped near [Westhampnett] field and two Jerries finished off by anti-aircraft guns. Sixty Jerries downed in all, 23 possibles [unconfirmed shootdowns] and 85 damaged. Aircraft came back with machine-gun holes

Oct. 21: Left Westhampnett by train, arriving at Glasgow, Scotland Oct. 22. Boarded a ship named *Orbita* [a 1914 Spanish liner], part of a great convoy. We are leaving the British Isles and have lost Lt. Curr [Lieutenant Harry R. Kerr crashed at High Ercall]; Lt. [Laverne] Collins, captured [actually, killed] in Dieppe Raid; Capt. [Winfred L. "Salty Dog"] Chambers, crashed at Westhampnett. Destination unknown, but guessing Africa. I'm spending tonight in a hammock with 115 men in a room 45 x 15 feet.

Sailed out of Port Glasgow after four days on board. One week at sea. All is calm. After three days sailing in a circle off Gibraltar, we are going thru the Strait [between Spain and Africa].

Root was about to participate in Operation Torch, the Allied invasion of North Africa

Nov. 8: Landed at Oran [a Mediterranean seaport in Algeria] with small resistance [from Axis Vichy French forces that held Algeria]. Am listening to a broadcast from New York about our landing while waiting to go ashore. Seems like they know more than we—and they probably do. Landed in salt landing craft (SLC) [British support landing craft, converted from 40-foot *assault* landing craft] and waded in waist high water to the beach. Camped there until 11 P.M. Went through enemy lines in trucks or half tracks to Tafaraoui [Airfield, near Oran].

Nov. 9: At daylight, we're on the enemy's aerodrome [airport] and we're

being bombed. Our pilots got three enemy ships and we lost Lt. [Joe C.] Byrd [Jr.]. At noon we almost lost the field to enemy tanks, but the planes beat them back. Good thing the French left 20mm ammo, as we ran out.

Getting a little rest after learning an armistice was signed in this section of Africa....

Moved to a nicer field nearer Oran. We are in large, stone barracks that are really pretty. Name of field is La Senia (Airfield). We've got desert Spits [Spitfires painted in desert colors]. I have one of two with belt-fed cannons

Nov. 24: German communiqué today states that our field was severely bombed Sunday and we are looting the natives. It's a lot of bull. We get 75 francs for $1 Good champagne costs 75–125 francs. Tangerines are a franc apiece. Wine is from 10–100 francs (depending on how good you barter). Our squadron got a 150 gal. drum of wine for nothing. It was 14 percent and what a kick! Thursday is Thanksgiving and we have purchased a cow, five pigs, four turkeys, six ducks, and 32 chickens from our squadron fund. Should be a real feast

Nov. 25, 1942: Allies begin offensive into Tunisia. Today marks one year in service [for me].

Dec. 1: Promoted to Sergeant.

Dec. 13: Five weeks in Africa and set to move. Things in Tunisia are still rugged. German pilots being shot down are 15 and 16 years old. We think we're headed that way.

Dec. 19: Picked up some gifts and tube water colors in Oran Saw a swell water color exhibit by a French artist.

Dec. 27: Received 23 letters. Madoline talks as if I can get her back. Sure hope so.

Jan. 29 [1943]: [Actresses] Martha Raye, Carole Landis and Mitzie Mayfair were here.

Feb. 7: Was baptized this evening because I'm going up to the front. Will be within 10 minutes' flying time of Jerries. They claim it is hot; won't know till I get there.

Feb. 8: Am leaving La Senia Airfield [south of Oran] in a DC-47 [Skytrain transport plane] and headed for Thelepte Airfield in Tunisia [south of Kasserine, near Algeria].

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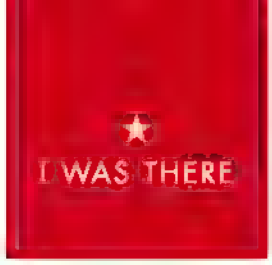

Feb. 9: Were giving Jerries the "devil" from the air. One ship was over our field. Three of our ships are marked with flack. We are living in dugouts in the side of cliffs along a dry river bottom. Rugged.

Feb. 11: Cold as the dickens, raining and snowing; am wearing overcoat. Twenty-four Spits lost; and 12 A 20s [Havoc light bombers] took off this morning and raided the Jerries. We are surrounded by enemies and are trying to split their forces.

Feb. 12: There is a 60 mph gale blowing that started yesterday, and it carries lots of sand and cold.... And sand sure plays the dickens with our guns.

Feb. 14: Our squadron made five sweeps over enemy territory. Capt. Bisgard [Biggard] was shot down four minutes inside our lines. He returned okay in a jeep. Rommel [German Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, commander of Panzer Group Africa, making a fighting retreat across Tunisia] is 21 minutes from our field. If he comes closer tomorrow, we evacuate.... An A 20 was full of flack, and the crew nursed her home. As it came over the field, it exploded and flew to pieces.

Feb. 15: Was ordered to prepare for evacuation. Rommel is close. Seven of 12 Jerries were downed on a raid over our field. Our boys got two; the 39s [P-39 Airacobra fighters] got two, and the AA [anti aircraft guns] got the rest. One Spit came down, and five were destroyed on the ground. Jerry is overhead tonight. The AA is going, and a few bombs aren't far off....

Feb. 17: We evacuated at 2:15 A.M. We backed up to Tebessa [Algeria] about 55 miles [northwest] from Thelepte. Things don't look so hot, but we are bound to win in the end. We lost the bulk of our equipment and personal things which were ruined to keep from Rommel's hands. We saved ourselves and our planes

Feb. 18: At 8 P.M., we were alerted to prepare for 60-mile retreat. We were in pup tents and it rained cats and dogs. The mud was like gumbo. What a mess. Lots of Jerries overhead last night, but they couldn't find us

Feb. 22: Everything is in turmoil again. Up at 5:30 A.M., went to "Youks" [Youks-les-Bains Airfield, 13 miles northwest of Tebessa] from which our planes are operating, came back to Tebessa at 2 P.M. and evacuated. Came to Canrobert [Airfield, 59 miles northwest of Youks les Bains Airfield].... On the way, we saw 50 B-25s, 23 P-38s [Lockheed Lightning fighters] and scads of Spits and 39s on the way to give Rommel's boys the works.

Mar. 4: One week at this field Kalaa-Djerba [Kalaa Djerda, Tunisia, about 49 miles east-northeast from Youks-les-Bains] and 80 miles from a big FW field [a German Focke-Wulf FW 190 fighter base]. Got nine letters from Madoline night before last. She still loves me, I hope.

Mar. 7, 1943: Back to Thelepte. Enemy planes overhead, including Messerschmitt Bf 109 [with the FW 109, Germany's principal fighter planes]; bombed and strafed.... 309th bagged an Me 109 [Bf

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109] that flew over nonchalantly. We set a record of 1,200 combat hours in a week in Thelepte.

Mar. 16: Got two swell letters from Madoline. I named my ship [the Spitfire he serviced] "Miss Madoline." Continued daily sweeps and missions. Seven victories over Stuka One bombers [Junkers Ju 87s—dive bombers, or *Sturzkampfflugzeugen*, Stuka for short], 308th and 309th two more victories each. Allies now have Gafsa [Tunisia, 50 miles south of Thelepte].

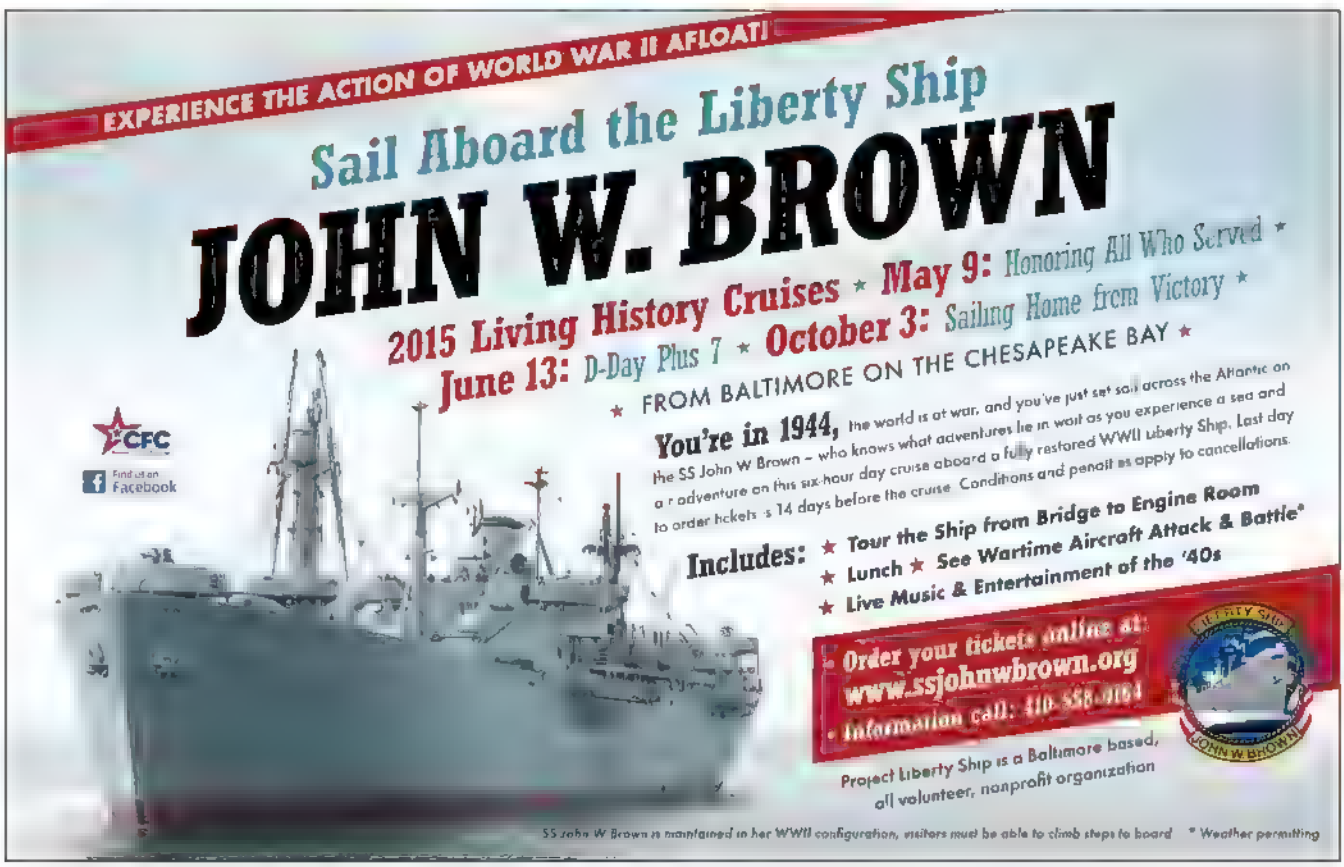
Mar. 28: Moved from Thelepte to Gafsa.

Mar. 29: Our boys got five victories today. Two destroyed, two damaged, and one possible.... All were FWs. In Gafsa tonight and had a bath in one of the old Roman places of bathing. The streets are like pictures of ancient cities. They are about 8 x 10 feet wide and zig zag in all directions and have steps and grades. The buildings, many of which are homes, have small, eight-inch-square openings and solid, heavy wooden doors. Gafsa is an oasis town, not far from the Sahara. An old fort near the bath is about 1,000 years old. Oran was picturesque. I only wish I could have had the time to make some sketches.

Men of Root's 309th with a British Spitfire downed near one of their North African airfields. The unit lost its own share of Spitfires and men in England, North Africa, Sicily, and Italy.

Mar. 30: Moving 20 miles nearer the lines. News is good on all fronts. Lots of Jerrys overhead. We are going back to Thelepte, then 100 miles from Thelepte....

April 1: Today was a big day for us and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Jerries. We scored five victories, three confirmed, two damaged. Three of our ships were shot up but came back. Lt. Jhunke [Jerome Juhnke] was shot down for the second time and I am afraid this time, he got it [he was indeed killed]. Lt. "Tiger" Wright was shot down, but got back okay. Lt. Scroll [Francis M. Strole] developed a glycol [engine coolant] leak (and, we learned later, spun in on the deck and hit a tank and was killed). Y, R, and E were the three returning shot up ships. Y was the one I crewed, and the second of mine that was shot up this week. Gafsa suffered severe dive bombing raids.

April 5: Twenty-three years old today. Jerry bombed us again. Two went up in smoke.... Today marks four weeks back at Thelepte and during that time, we have made 45 sweeps over enemy territory. Lost three pilots and a few ships....

April 8: Two months at the front lines. Jerry is finally on the run, for good, I hope.... Arrived at new field, Sidi Bou Zid [Tunisia, about 63 miles northeast of Gafsa] at noon. It's about two miles to the front lines. Plenty of sand and wind. Two MEs [Messerschmitts] over this P.M. Today marks five months in Africa.... Big tank battle raging in Kairouan [about 68 miles to the northeast].

April 24: No flying today. Tomorrow is Easter.

April 25: Our boys got one victory.... Went to mass, confession and received communion.

April 26: More victories today. Two confirmed, bringing our total destroyed to 19, also damaged five.

April 30: On mission over Bizerte [northernmost Tunisia] and the Mediterranean. The bombers blew an Italian destroyer to bits and we got one.

May 1: Today is the 6th day on my trumpet. I sure do like it. Got a song to play on my trumpet—"I Remember You."

May 6: The biggest push of all started today. Advances made on all fronts. Our boys downed six enemy fighters, MEs and FWs.... Sunday, it is supposed to be over in Africa.

May 11: Africa Campaign ended today. Unconditional surrender [officially May 13, with some 275,000 Axis troops captured]. Received our ribbons. May have some stars for battles given to us yet. My old pilot, Lt. [Harry] Strawn [Jr.], was found in a hospital in Tunis after it was captured. He told interesting stories about the Jerries. When he was shot down, [his plane] was hit in three places—all flack. One was square in the cockpit. He has a lot of shrapnel. He barely remembered bailing out and it was at 25,000 feet. He was lucky to live at that altitude without oxygen. He says the Jerry boys do not want to fight any more than we do.

Root, a sign-painter by trade, was a skilled artist. Among his wartime creations was the 309th's Wild Duck insignia (inset) and a self-portrait in a Spitfire.

May 17: Moved up coast after being here five weeks. We passed through Tunis [Tunisia's capital, in the northeast] and are not far from there. Fifteen German prisoners were picked up around the field by our boys. Ruined cars, half tracks, tanks, guns, etc. are strewn over hundreds of square miles. The docks of Tunis are in ruin, but the city is okay. Saw scores of prisoners and wrecked German and Italian planes. This field is lousy, wind, sand, scorpions, spiders and a few snakes, but we are right on the sea and can swim at the beach.

May 28: Went to Tunis on a 48-hour pass. Saw thousands of German prisoners.

May 31: A B-25 [Mitchell medium bomber] was shot down off the coast yesterday. One crew member went down with it to Davey Jones' locker. Remainder was brought here for medical treatment.

June 4: Marks our first year overseas.

July 1: Three days ago, we left Algiers and have been traveling by boat. We landed in Tunis Harbor and marched to an olive orchard. Rotten chow, and little of that.

July 6: Leaving the orchard and marching to docks. We boarded our *LST-311* [a landing ship, tank]. She is one of a great convoy.

July 7: Been aboard two days. Still in harbor and the chow is tops.

July 9: Yesterday at 3 o'clock, our destination was revealed to be Sicily. We are to land sometime between midnight and noon. I think it's gonna be tough.

July 11: Yesterday afternoon [in Operation Husky, the Allied invasion of Sicily], we tried to beach our *LST-311* and had almost accomplished our task when we got a raid from the air. An *LST-313* had pulled alongside of us and was struck mid ship. Bombs were landing too close for any

kind of comfort. The LST next to us was loaded with ammo and the ship was on fire from the bombing. The ammo exploded and pieces filled the air. We backed off and started rescuing men. The rough sea made things worse. Approximately 30–50 were seriously wounded and mostly burned. All these men were treated and, later that night, transferred to a hospital ship. We remained offshore for the remainder of the night and things were calm. *LST-313* continued to burn all night and at frequent intervals would erupt in explosions.

We finally made shore, camping near the beach. We made quite a push inland, but today the Italians and Jerries pushed us back. Enemy aircraft was overhead all day. Our naval guns have been shelling… inland. This evening, [the Germans are] laying 88s [88mm shells] around us and we are returning. Things aren't too hot. They finally captured the artillery and it was 155s not 88s. Tonight, we had an air raid on the [Allied] convoy in the harbor. Our AA fire never drops an enemy plane, but brings down our own okay. After the raid tonight, we had a regiment of paratroopers coming on DC-47s for our reinforcements, and the AA gunners on the boats shot down two or three of them. Sure turns a guy's stomach to see our own men brought down by our own guns.

July 12: A large flight of B-25s went over this A.M. to hit the front lines. The boats opened on them. At 5 P.M., our AA boys bagged two FW 190s. One was a beautiful shot directly overhead. He flew in slow, made a sharp right bank, and was directly in the AA's crossfire. He came down in flames. The pilot bailed, but his chute never opened….

July 13: We moved from the beach to our drome, five miles inland. Jerry is still in the hills surrounding us. There is constant artillery fire in the distance.

July 15: Was bombed this P.M. about 11:30. Suffered one or two slight injuries. Also, set a barracks area on fire. One of the raiders was shot down by a British Beau Fighter [Beaufighter long range fighter]. The Jerry came down in flames and was, to us, a beautiful sight.

July 16: This A.M., it was revealed that Jerry dropped hundreds of small anti-personnel bombs. They were dropped in large

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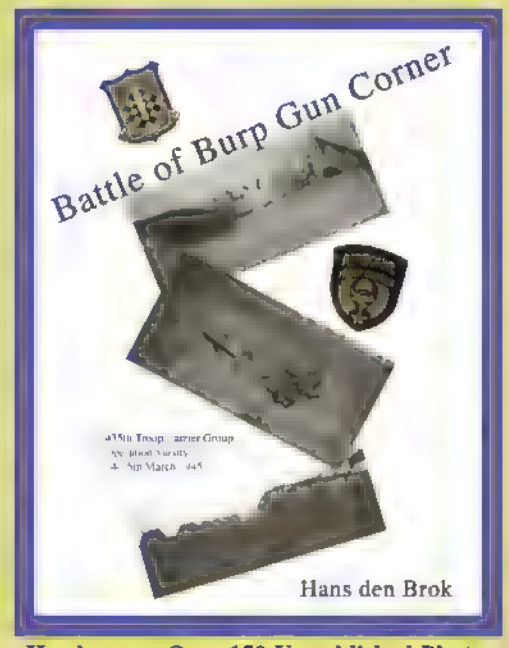

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WWII Airborne Action!

BATTLE OF BURP GUN CORNER

BY HANS DEN BROK

MARCH 23, 1945:
Allied Airborne leaps across Hitler's holy Rhine.

288 American glider pilots deliver their loads, and as a provisional infantry company, take a defensive position at a crossroad . . . soon to be called "BURP GUN CORNER"

containers that, upon exploding, spread the small ones over a large area. The small ones are all timed to go off separately. Last night, a barracks area close to the field was covered, as was the opposite side of the field. At noon, we learned that a score of men were injured. The worst being a fellow hit in the spine and paralyzed from the neck down. Another's legs are blown off....

July 17: The bombs from the raid night before last are still going off along with the ones dropped last night. Kinda gets a guy on edge. Two raids down the runway July 18.

July 19: Tonight, we moved 45 miles west to the western front.

July 24: [Italian dictator Benito] Mussolini overthrown in peaceful coup. Our 14th month at war and England's fourth year at war. We flew to a field 25 miles east of Palermo. This new field is a beauty, right on the coast. It's about 20 yards to the beach. Tonight, we had a constant batch of Jerries over. Campaign in Sicily ended. We are near Termini.

July 21: Bob Hope and [singer] Frances Langford landed here today in a B-17. Saw both of them.

Aug. 22: Seventy B-26s [Marauder medium bombers] came over this A.M. headed for Naples. A little after noon, a few landed on their return. They suffered a heavy loss, as our fighters lost them on escort. P-51s [Mustang fighters] were to do the job. Jerry now uses a cluster of bombs dropped by fighters above ours as a means to down them.

Aug. 27: Went with Father Cusman to Palermo and saw Monreale Cathedral.

Sept. 2, 1943: ...We moved from airfield near Termini 90 miles east to Messina. We are bound for Italy soon. All Italian forces in Italy surrendered unconditionally. Initial reports were "our forces are doing okay over there," then "our boys who landed nine days ago had quite a time." Our move to Italy delayed.

Sept. 25: Yesterday, our entire outfit assembled here. We are just south of Salerno [south of Naples, Italy] on a grassy field. Yesterday, we had a dog fight over the field. Today, one was shot down over the field. Artillery fire has been near, up until last night.

Oct. 1: Allies capture Naples.

Oct. 4: Closing our 16 months overseas. We are moving near Naples in a few days. Our boys are doing okay. There is much to be done before the Italian campaign is over.

Oct. 13: Finally moved today, going to Naples. We passed through Pompeii. We saw Mt. Vesuvius from our field. It is active 24 hours. At night, we can see the fire. Naples is pretty much in ruins with no water, gas, or electricity. The entire area of the city is pock-marked with destruction. Here, the people, and especially the children, are near starvation. We have children filling tin cans out of our garbage cans. These cans of garbage will be taken home and eaten. Our field is comprised of a large concrete runway near [a former] underground FW factory. We are approximately eight miles out of Naples. The artillery up front is within hearing distance. We are living about a mile and a half from the field in huge, five-story, ultra modern apartment buildings. They are beautiful. I have never seen more modernistic designing. Naturally, the building is without furniture, water,

Above, left: Madoline Henry, Root's sweetheart back home in Illinois, connects a call at her switchboard. Root wrote to her constantly. When he returned from the war, the two married and spent a long life together, despite a serious injury Root suffered in Italy. Above, right: When he wasn't arming or painting planes, creating art, or writing to Madoline, Root practiced on his trumpet and put together a band.

electricity. Still it beats our old pup tents.

We had three air raids on Naples last two weeks of October. Fourth air raid on Naples Nov. 5 lasted an hour, 15 minutes.

Nov. 7: The last of our old pilots went home today.... Now all our pilots are new, and they sure are green young punks.

Nov. 12: Since the raid on the 5th, we have had many alerts, one on our own field with 18 FW 190s. They dropped small frags [fragmentation bombs] and peeled a few planes on the opposite side of the field from us. One man was wounded. Col. Hankins [perhaps Brigadier General John R. Hawkins, former 31st Fighter Group commander], Col. [Fred M.] Dean [a former 31st Group commander], some three-star general, and many other big wigs were on the field. General [George C.] Marshall [US Army chief of staff] presented Lt. Weismuller [309th pilot First Lieutenant Robert Weismueller] with the DFC [Distinguished Flying Cross]. [Some sources say General Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, head of the US Army Air Forces, made the presentation with Lieutenant General Carl A. Spaatz, commander of US Army Air Forces in Europe, Africa, and the Mediterranean.] All the big papers and news reels were present and took pictures that should make front page news at home.

Dec. 13: We've had six confirmed victories, bringing our total to 45 destroyed. We lead the three squadrons. The group's total is 116 destroyed.

Jan. 1 [1944]: New Year's dance with First Armored Division "Black Hawks" playing. First trumpet man [from] T. [Tommy] Dorsey's Band gave me a lesson.... We have been 10 days now at Castel Volturno, north of Naples at the mouth of the Volturno. Artillery fire close. At night we see flashes of the big guns....

March 4: Twenty-one months overseas today....

Apr. 20: Received broken back. [Root was crouched down painting a plane when a military vehicle backed into him.]

Doctors didn't expect Root to survive. He was flown to 26 General Hospital in Bari, Italy, put in a cast, then flown to Naples on May 20. He left for the States by ship on June 1, reaching Newport News, Virginia, on the 13th. A week later, he was home in Galesburg, at Mayo General Hospital. In a pioneering surgery, a doctor fused Root's fibula (the smaller, non-weight-bearing bone in the lower leg) into his back.

None of this derailed Root's romance with Madoline. Engaged on June 27, they were married at the hospital on January 6, 1945. Root surprised everyone by standing up in a hip-to-chest cast.

After healing, Root returned to Root Sign Service, where he worked for the rest of his life. He enjoyed riding a motorcycle, as he had before the war, and continued to develop his trumpet-playing.

Rolland and Madoline had two daughters and were married 57 years when Root died in 2002. Madoline died in 2009. ★

GARNETTE HELVEY BANE *of Greenville, South Carolina, worked with Rolland Root's eldest daughter, Judy Pease, to bring this journal excerpt to publication.*

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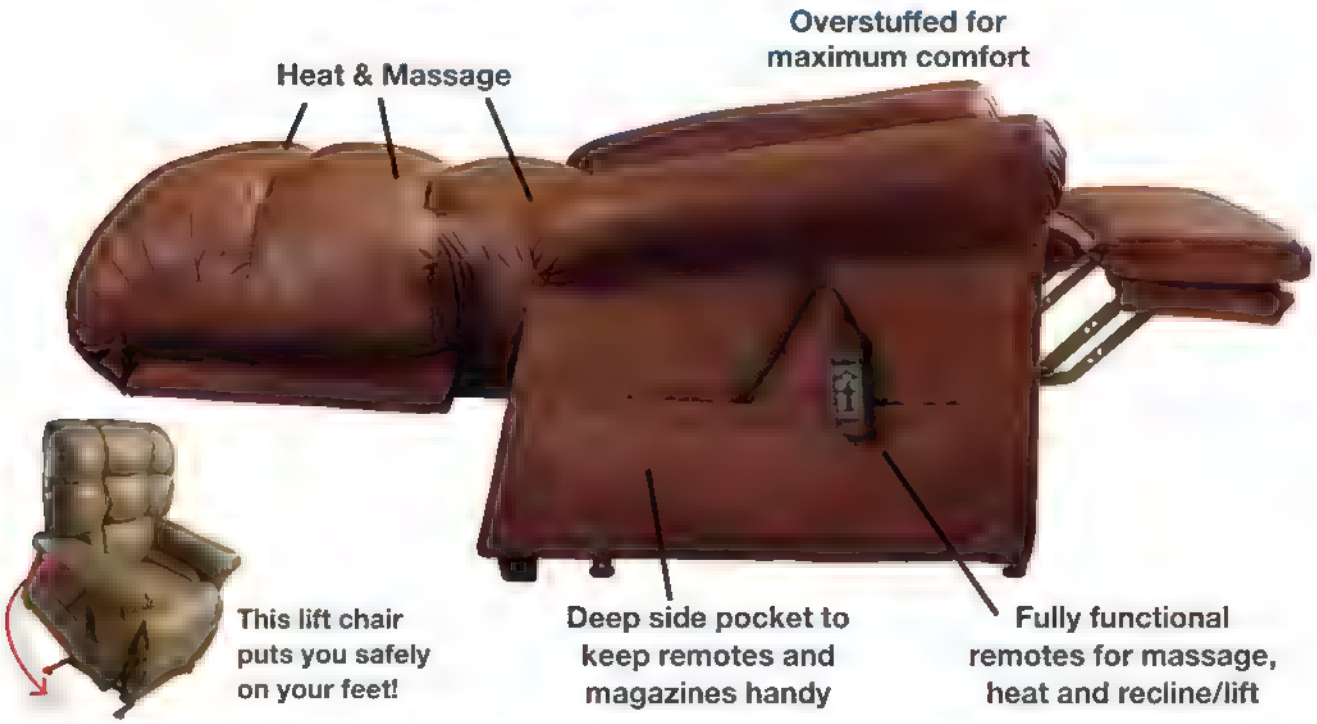
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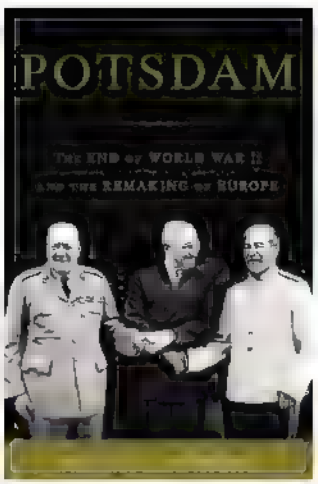

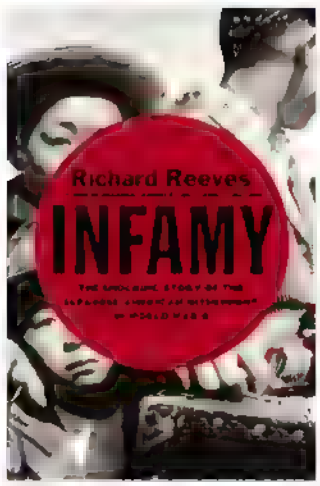

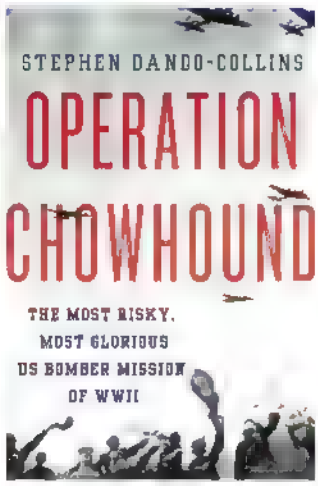

Potsdam: The End of World War II and the Remaking of Europe
by Michael Neiberg, Basic Books, 336 pages, $29.99

MICHAEL NEIBERG'S new book, *Potsdam: The End of World War II and the Remaking of Europe*, recounts the last Allied wartime summit, when US President Harry Truman, Soviet Premier Josef Stalin, and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill (surprisingly replaced in mid-conference by Clement Attlee, who became prime minister during the talks) met in the Berlin suburb of Potsdam July 17–August 2, 1945, to map out the postwar world. The Potsdam Conference was an intricate knot of conflicting interests over what to do with devastated Germany, occupied Poland, and intransigent Japan. Neiberg's excellent account demonstrates how the complications of peace can be as difficult as those of war.

In *Potsdam* Neiberg not only discusses the conference's outcomes, but also provides the historical context that influenced the participants. Churchill, for instance, arrived war-weary and unprepared, uncertain about his relationship with Truman and intending to prevail with rhetoric rather than detailed briefs. Truman had only recently assumed the reins of power in America and was untried in crisis, though he was an autodidact and aggressive reader. Stalin prepared meticulously, knew exactly what he wanted, and had a keen appreciation of the interests and limits of his wartime partners. He knew, for example, that the United States planned to strip down its forces in Europe, so he made aggressive demands, secure in the knowledge that no one would push back.

One of the most divisive issues for the three leaders—the disposition of Germany—makes for the book's most interesting section. Some public opinion favored permanently removing Germany's industries, reducing its territory, and imposing reparations as punishment for the past and a safeguard for the future. Others believed a reasonably robust German state was needed to sustain Europe's economy and prevent the emergence of grievance-driven extremist groups.

At Potsdam, the leaders sought a solution that would create a stable, non threatening, financially resilient Germany that could sustain itself and serve as an economic anchor for the Continent. Truman in particular was disinclined to so cripple Germany that it became economically dependent on the United States. He believed whatever was taken out of Germany in reparations would eventually have to be put back in as aid. In the end, the leaders carved up Germany, dividing it among their three nations and France.

Poland was another difficult subject. Germany's invasion there in 1939 had been the catalyst for World War II, yet with Germany's defeat, Poland's fate was hardly better. Western leaders were aware of Soviet war crimes against Poland, such as the 1940 Katyn Forest Massacre, in which Soviet officials murdered thousands of captured Polish army officers and intellectual leaders. At Potsdam, Stalin "reinterpreted" previous Allied agreements so they reflected his agenda for control of Poland. Throughout the war, Polish exiles had fought courageously alongside the Allies against Germany, but in 1945 their loyalty proved unrequited. In the end, the Allies acquiesced to most Soviet demands and even argued in favor of them to the Polish exiles. The exquisite, bitter irony is that Britain and France had declared war in 1939 precisely because of Germany's invasion of Poland and then abandoned the country at war's end.

In his treatment of these prickly discussions, Neiberg includes incidents that later proved to be miscalculations by the three

world heavyweights, such as when Truman informed Stalin about the Manhattan Project. Truman described it simply as a powerful new weapon, consciously avoiding the word "atomic." Stalin, accustomed to overt power plays, interpreted the timing of this news as an attempt to influence the outcome of the discussion of Poland and so displayed little interest. In fact, Stalin was well aware of the American effort to develop an atomic weapon. That very night he ordered his own scientists to accelerate their work.

The war in the Pacific—the third subject of Allied discussions—was the least contentious. The Potsdam Declaration, issued on July 26, called on the Japanese to surrender promptly. Tokyo tersely dismissed this ultimatum, and the bombing of Hiroshima followed less than two weeks later. Neiberg understandably spends less time on the Pacific endgame than on the reconstruction of Europe, but he explores the varying perspectives on the use of the bomb and the end of the conflict.

There were many flaws inherent in the policies and agreements that came out of the Potsdam Conference, but after I read Neiberg's well-researched, perceptive history, my own thinking about it has changed. It may be more correct to appreciate Potsdam for its considerable accomplishments: it established a unified front for dealing with Japan; avoided land war in Europe for the next 70 years; and sidestepped the sort of economic and political catastrophe that followed the ineptly conceived Treaty of Versailles of 1919, which ended World War I but set the stage for World War II. Perhaps we do learn from history.

THOMAS MULLEN
Flemington, New Jersey

Infamy: The Shocking Story of the Japanese-American Internment in World War II
by Richard Reeves, Henry Holt, 368 pages, $32

FOLLOWING JAPAN'S SURPRISE attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941, more than 120,000 Japanese Americans were forcibly removed from their homes and detained in 1 of 10 war relocation centers in the western United States. It was an act driven by anti-Japanese sentiment, sparked by fear of their perceived potential to act as fifth-column agents. Yet nearly two-thirds of the detainees were US citizens. "I am a loyal American," lamented

★ THEATER OF WAR

Day One
Directed by Joseph Sargent, written by Peter Wyden and David W. Rintels, from the book by Peter Wyden, starring Brian Dennehy, David Strathairn, Michael Tucker, Hume Cronyn, Hal Holbrook, Tony Shalhoub, Peter Boretski, David Ogden Stiers, 1989, 140 minutes, color, not rated.

WHEN THE WORLD'S FIRST atomic bomb exploded at New Mexico's top-secret Trinity Site, the colossal implications made physicist Robert Oppenheimer, director of the Los Alamos facility that developed the weapon, remember words from the Hindu epic the Bhagavad Gita. "Now I am become Death, the shatterer of worlds," he mused. A colleague turned to him: "Now we are all sons of bitches." The scene is dramatized in *Day One*, an ambitious 1989 television movie that tells the story of the atomic bomb's origins and the decision-making behind its use against the Japanese in 1945.

The film starts in 1933, when physicist Leo Szilard (Michael Tucker) flees Germany just before the Nazis move to restrict departures. He worries that Adolf Hitler's Germany will develop atomic energy, but in England, nuclear physics pioneer Ernest Rutherford ridicules the idea. Szilard finds a more hospitable reception in the United States. Albert Einstein (Peter Boretski) agrees to write a letter to President Franklin Roosevelt (David Ogden Stiers) supporting the development of an atomic bomb.

Things begin to move forward rapidly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, with hard driving Colonel (later General) Leslie Groves (Brian Dennehy) brought in to direct the newly christened Manhattan Project and the ambitious Robert Oppenheimer (David Strathairn) emerging as Groves's choice to run Los Alamos. Groves muses that one reason he picked Oppenheimer was because Oppenheimer agrees with him, and Strathairn plays the scientist like a man who goes along to get along with his superiors. When Szilard starts a petition demanding that the United States explode an atomic bomb as a demonstration to let the Japanese know what

they are facing, Oppenheimer promises to raise the idea at a high level meeting only to dismiss it once he's there.

Groves is intelligent and well educated—as he is quick to inform the scientists—but he is a no nonsense, by-the-book military man and remains baffled by Szilard and his team, whom he characterizes as "yakkers" and "crackpots." He doesn't understand why the scientists sit around and talk instead of work, and he won't listen when they tell him that is how they work. Dennehy does a fine job as Groves and never succumbs to the temptation to play for sympathy. In one scene Groves appears to soften as he talks to Oppenheimer about Christ

one imprisoned high school student, "yet I have the face of an enemy."

In the pages of *Infamy: The Shocking Story of the Japanese-American Internment in World War II*, award-winning journalist and best selling author Richard Reeves reexamines this dark time. He also explores the presiding culture that allowed for this breach of constitutional law as well as the consequences that continued well beyond the official end of internment. Dividing his coverage into 10 segments spanning December 7, 1941, through August 15, 1945, he combines extensive historical data and firsthand accounts (including oral histories, memoirs, and excerpts from letters and diaries) to provide a powerful portrayal of life for the detained Japanese Americans.

Unflinching in his criticism of those he considers villains, Reeves nevertheless presents a fairly well balanced, if at times slightly repetitive, account of events. He does not shy away from portraying the conditions and attitudes of the time. But he also includes small moments of kindness by people who stood against racism in defense of their fellow Americans: the white servicemen who ripped down "No Japs Allowed" signs, the bus driver who refused service to a passenger who hurled racial barbs, and the lawyers who worked without pay for their Japanese American clients. After all, as Reeves notes, "This is not a story about Japanese Americans, it is about Americans..., the Americans crammed into tarpaper barracks and the Americans with machine guns and searchlights in watchtowers."

The capacity for resilience demonstrated by the Japanese Americans behind the barbed wire fences was impressive. Despite sleeping in horse stables once littered with manure, residents fought to provide their families with a sense of normalcy. Using any materials they could salvage, they built crude playgrounds and hospitals. They organized schools for their children and American Legion posts for their WWI veterans. They remained loyal to their country, hanging American flags on their shacks and celebrating the Fourth of July. Still, for children in particular, this was an unrecognizable version of America. A teacher visiting former students at one of the internment camps overheard a small girl say to her parent, "I am tired of Japan, Mother. Let's go back to America."

When turning his attention toward the more than 30,000 Japanese Americans serving in the military (fighting for the very country in which their friends and relatives were imprisoned), Reeves wholly engages the reader with his passionate reporting and enthusiastic eye for detail. The heroic feats of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team in particular truly shine. Consisting entirely of Japanese Americans, the unit "earned more than 18,000 individual decorations, the highest per capita of any unit in the army..., including eight Presidential Citations, the nation's top award for combat units."

Despite Japanese Americans' positive roles in the military, by the time the last war relocation center closed in 1946, life was still grim for former internees as well as for the returning servicemen. Many older evacuees found that their money and property were gone. Reeves's sobering depiction of the bleakness facing these Japanese Americans makes it clear why some actually wished to stay in the camps.

More than two decades passed before President Ronald Reagan signed the Civil Liberties Act of 1988, which included a formal apology to the Japanese Americans for "evacuation and imprisonment," as well as restitution in the amount of $20,000 to each surviving internee. As the bill was signed, Reeves records, Representative Robert Matsui of California, a former resident of the war relocation camps, said he believed the constant suspicion of disloyalty surrounding Japanese Americans had finally been lifted. "We were made whole again as American citizens."

Infamy sheds light on a disturbing but important part of America's archives. Reeves has provided a well-researched account that should help move the internment of Japanese Americans from the historical margins into the mainstream narrative where it belongs.

AIMEE TRAVISANO
Rome, Italy

mas, but it turns out he is just playing nice before grilling Oppenheimer about the identity of a man who suggested sharing atomic secrets with the Russians.

Most of the scientists, Szilard perhaps more than the others, remain baffled by Groves. "How can you work with people like that?" Szilard asks after the first, contentious meeting. The scientific and military sides eventually find themselves on diverging courses. The scientists feel that there is no need to drop the bomb once Germany surrenders and Japan is preparing to do so. The military men, Groves included, believe that if they have a bomb, they should use it.

Day One manages to tell a complex tale full of intriguing characters in a brisk, no-nonsense fashion while sticking pretty close to the facts. While it must, by necessity, pay somewhat short shrift to the complicated issues it raises about science and global politics, it manages to provide just enough information to move the story forward and, at the same time, provide plenty of food for thought.

TOM HUNTINGTON
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Operation Chowhound: The Most Risky, Most Glorious US Bomber Mission of WWII

by Stephen Dando-Collins, Palgrave Macmillan, 272 pages, $28

Operation Chowhound is an interesting story about a little-known bombing mission, unlike any other, that occurred near the end of the war in Europe from April 29 until May 8, 1945. Involving hundreds of bombers, Operation Chowhound (the mission's actual code name) nevertheless resulted in few casualties. It was designed to help people, not harm them, and it would not have been possible without the goodwill of the Nazi occupiers of northern Holland.

The story features the German born prince of Holland, the Allied high command, and the Nazi governor of occupied Holland. It also has cameo appearances by Ian Fleming (author and creator of British spy James Bond) and the teenage Audrey Hepburn, who would go on to Hollywood fame. Sounding like the plot of a movie, the Chowhound mission saved the lives of several million Dutch citizens

The situation for Holland was grim during the winter of 1944–45. Operation

Market Garden—the British-led push through Belgium into Holland in an attempt to attack the German northern flank—failed to meet all its objectives in September 1944. As a result, large portions of Holland remained under German occupation, including the Hague, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam in the western part of the country. Three and a half million Dutch citizens lived in the occupied area under the watchful eyes of 120,000 German soldiers, who launched a series of reprisals against the Dutch that began with the deportation of Jewish citizens to concentration camps. To further punish the country, the Germans withheld food from the citizens as the very bitter winter closed in. The Dutch would call it the Hunger Winter because thousands died of starvation, mostly the very young and the very old.

After the December 1944–January 1945 Battle of the Bulge and the subsequent rapid Allied recovery and advance, Hitler became more desperate. In March 1945 he ordered a scorched-earth policy that directed German troops to destroy the infrastructure of every area they vacated. This order did not sit well with many of his subordinates, Albert Speer and Arthur Seyss-Inquart included. Speer was Hitler's minister of armaments and war production, and Seyss-Inquart was the commissioner of the occupied Netherlands. The orders to Seyss-Inquart included destroying all the dikes in Holland, which would effectively devastate the country, much of which lay at or below sea level. Speer and Seyss-Inquart agreed that demolishing the dikes would be wasteful and serve no military purpose. With Speer's blessing, Seyss-Inquart refused to obey the order (although he seems to have been motivated primarily by a desire for leniency from the Allies after the inevitable defeat of the Nazis).

Operation Chowhound does an excellent job explaining all the circumstances leading to the plight of the Dutch people and the motivations of Holland's German governor. It took a lot of work for the Germans and Allies to develop a working truce that would allow US B-17 bombers to safely fly as low as 400 feet, directly over enemy anti-aircraft guns, in order to drop packages of food at designated locations. In contrast, the actual planning and execution of the operation was relatively simple. American and British bomber crews had so much experience with massive bombing raids, and so many stores of rations available, that the operation itself was simply one more example of the Allies' logistical mastery. Nevertheless, the mission was very important, both from a humanitarian standpoint and from a practical one. This operation would be the prototype for the Berlin Airlift four years later.

Dando-Collins does a good job introducing readers to the major players. The Dutch royal family in exile, especially Queen Wilhelmina and her son-in-law, Prince Bernhard, used their influence with Allied leaders to urge the relief mission. The German-born Bernhard, in particular, was a very interesting man. He served Hitler as an industrial spy prior to his marriage to Wilhelmina's daughter, Juliana, but then had what seems to have been a sincere change of heart. He actively fought against his homeland on behalf of Holland during the war, and his influence proved vital to ensuring that Operation Chowhound's airlifted food was gathered and distributed fairly.

This April marked the 70th anniversary of Operation Chowhound—and Operation Manna, the British contribution to the effort. The book *Operation Chowhound* is a timely tribute and a well-written and engaging account of an event that deserves more widespread recognition.

DREW AMES
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

81 Days Below Zero: The Incredible Survival Story of a World War II Pilot in Alaska's Frozen Wilderness

by Brian Murphy with Toula Vlanou, Da Capo Press, 264 pages, $24.99

IN *81 DAYS BELOW ZERO* author Brian Murphy, a *Washington Post* journalist and former war correspondent and Associated Press bureau chief, delivers what his book's subtitle promises. He tells the incredible survival story of First Lieutenant Leon Crane, who picked his way across the Alaskan wilderness during the winter of 1943–1944 after the B-24D bomber he was copiloting crashed during a test run on December 21, 1943.

Crane's survival story begins just east of Fairbanks, Alaska, at Ladd Field, an airfield established by the US Army Air Corps in 1940 for testing of aircraft and equipment in cold weather. Because engines and equipment often failed in freezing temperatures, crews at Ladd worked to find techniques that would save lives when things went wrong in the air over enemy territory.

On the morning of December 21, 1943, the temperature hovered just above zero. At a little after 9:40, copilot Crane, pilot Second Lieutenant Harold E. Hoskin, and three other crewmembers took off from Ladd aboard the B-24D Liberator bomber *Iceberg Inez*. They headed toward a site approximately 60 miles southeast to conduct feathering tests, which required pilots to turn off one of four engines at a time and adjust the remaining engines' propeller blades until they offered the least resistance to airflow. On combat missions, if an engine failed, feathering could reduce the strain on the remaining engines.

At 11:08 the *Inez*'s radioman alerted Ladd that the plane had arrived at the test zone, and *Inez* ascended to 20,000 feet to begin testing. All went well, so the plane climbed another 5,000 feet to repeat the test in colder temperatures. As the *Inez* and her crew ascended, the engines abruptly stalled and the plane went into a downward spin. Crane and Hoskin worked to get the plane back under control with some success, until they heard a sharp cracking sound. They had lost the elevator controls, turning the ship into "an unguided missile." They went down with at least two men parachuting out, including Crane.

Only Crane survived. The stall-out, descent, and bailout had put him miles off *Inez*'s planned course, however, and at that time of year, the eve of winter solstice, the sun rose daily to light the Alaskan wilderness for all of four hours before setting. He knew rescue was unlikely.

Crane was right to be pessimistic. He did not get rescued. But against all odds, he survived on the Alaskan frontier in the dead of winter, out in the open for 81 days. From where he bailed out, he walked roughly 95 miles along the Charley River, finding a cache of food and a rifle in an abandoned

cabin along the way. He walked until he encountered a human habitation on March 10, 1944. By then, search-and rescue efforts had long been canceled. His parents had received a military letter mailed seven weeks after the crash, telling them their son was missing in action.

In choosing to write a book on Crane's survival, Murphy took on a significant challenge: Crane had died before the book project began, so interviews were not possible. The difficulties of telling a story that revolved entirely around one inaccessible individual, with no supplemental information from other witnesses, are noteworthy.

Murphy moves his narrative along using the popular literary device of switching back and forth between storylines. It's the technique by which an author follows the events of one group or individual for a time and then, at a moment of building suspense, jumps to another storyline. When done well, it keeps the reader engaged and invested. Murphy's use of this technique throughout the book, however, repeatedly robs his story of its momentum. Tension builds, for example, at the opening of a chapter that follows Crane's progress after he's made a critical decision to leave the uninhabited cabin and head out in a snowstorm. But Murphy suddenly switch es gears mid-chapter to give an account of Canada's gold rush, including lines from a poem about it. In another instance, as Crane is dealing with ferocious winds, Murphy diverts from the account to devote five paragraphs to Raven, the "creator, savior, and shape-shifter trickster in the Distant Time stories of the [region's] Native Athabascan tribes." In yet another tangent, Murphy takes a page and a half to detail the troubled home life of Crane's superior officer, none of which has any bearing on Crane's movements or is ever referred to again.

By far the most distracting element in this book is a line that appears in the pref ace that says, "On very rare occasions, the sequence of events was slightly reordered for narrative flow. In no case does it alter the scope of the story." As a veteran journalist, Murphy should know better than to rearrange events for any reason.

It is to Murphy's credit that he wants to tell the "full arc" of Crane's story, which had never been published except in magazine and newspaper articles at the time Crane returned from the wilderness. There may be a reason the account remains largely untold, though. As the observations listed above suggest, perhaps there isn't enough material to support an entire book. A long magazine article may have done better.

Whatever went into the decision to turn this account into a book, Murphy saw value in retelling the story now because it demonstrates "a measure of the human spirit. Such things should not be forgotten or locked away." With that sentiment I can find no fault.

ALLYSON PATTON
Books and Media reviews editor

★ 78 RPM

Shaky GI Jo

OF COURSE JO STAFFORD suffered from stage fright! At age 15, she was rehearsing the lead part in her school musical on March 10, 1933, when the stage started shaking violently beneath her feet. She and everyone else in California's Long Beach Polytechnic High School had to escape the building fast. "It was a bad quake," she later recalled. "The whole school fell down."

Such a harsh introduction to show business could make *anyone* fear the stage. Fortunately, Stafford's *studio* debut went much better. The 16-year-old pulled off playing piano and singing on the radio variety show *The Happy Go Lucky Hour* without incident. Her big career break came in the studio, too, recording the soundtrack for the 1938 Hollywood musical *Alexander's Ragtime Band* with a collection of vocal talents who took the name the Pied Pipers.

The following year, big-band leader Tommy Dorsey hired the Pipers to back up his lead singer, Frank Sinatra. Soon after Sinatra quit to go solo, the Pipers left, too, walking out in November 1942 when the mercurial Dorsey fired one of them for giving him wrong driving directions. At the time, the Pipers with Sinatra and Dorsey had the number one record on the charts, "There Are Such Things." The Pipers fared well on their own over the next couple of years, including an appearance in the 1943 movie musical *Gals Incorporated* and the hits "It Could Happen to You" and "The Trolley Song" in 1944.

In 1945, Stafford ventured out on her own, recruited by singer and songwriter Johnny Mercer to his recently founded Capitol Records. It was a good year, starting out with the number-one-charting "Candy" (a duet with Mercer) and "Dream" (with her old pals the Pipers). She began regularly hosting the popular radio show *The Chesterfield Supper Club*. She also kicked off a brief residency at New York City's La Martinique, though stage fright haunted her there, and she swore off nightclub work.

Throughout the war, Stafford kindled a relationship with America's military men, going so far as—stage fright be damned!—joining USO tours. GIs wrote her piles of letters, referring to her as "GI Jo," and she responded personally to each one. Her sway with servicemen was obvious even to enemy propagandists. As one marine later told her, "The Japanese used to play your records on loud speakers across from our foxholes, so that we would get homesick."

By the end of the forties, Stafford had pegged 38 songs in the top 20, and she eventually sold 25 million records. She never did beat stage fright, though. "I'm basically a singer, period," she said later in life, "and I think I'm really lousy up in front of an audience."

CARL ZEBROWSKI
editor of *America in WWII*

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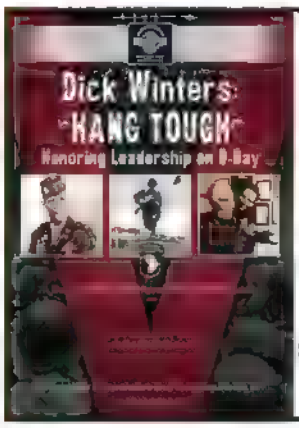

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★ WWII EVENTS

LOUISIANA • **July 9, New Orleans:** Fighting for the Right to Fight: African American Experiences in World War II. Exhibit opening. Curator Eric Rivet recounts the creation of the museum's newest special exhibit. Artifact donors, including an airman and medic, will attend. 5 P.M. reception, 6 P.M. presentation. Exhibit continues through May 2016. National World War II Museum, 945 Magazine Street. 504-528-1944. www.nationalww2museum.org

MASSACHUSETTS • **July 11, Fall River:** Family Nautical Nights. Participants live aspects of sailor life aboard a WWII battleship. Guests sleep in restored navy bunks, eat chow-style meals, participate in shipboard activities. Battleship Cove, 5 Water Street. 508-678-1100, extension 102. www.battleshipcove.org

NEW JERSEY • **Aug. 14–16, West Milford:** Greenwood Lake Air Show. Aircraft demonstrations, WWII warbird displays, living history, veterans, Army Air Forces Historical Association, and aircraft from the American Airpower Museum. Greenwood Lake Airport, 126 Airport Road. 973-728-7721. www.greenwoodlakeairshow.com

OHIO • **July 31, Dayton:** Behind-the-Scenes Tour at the National Museum of the US Air Force. Visitors enter the museum's restoration area. Advance registration required. 12:15 P.M. Wright Patterson Air Force Base. 937-255-3286. www.nationalmuseum.af.mil

Aug. 21–22, Conneaut: D-Day Conneaut. Large reenactment of the June 1944 D-Day invasion of Normandy. Begins 9 A.M. on the 21st, concludes at midnight on the 22nd. Conneaut Township Park, 480 Lake Road. www.ddayohio.us

OREGON • **July 12, Aug. 9, Portland:** Second Sunday WWII presentations. July 12: "1942 Was Oregon's Most Exciting Year," by historian G. Thomas Edwards, wartime child on Oregon's WWII home front. Aug. 9: "Good Work, Sister! Women Shipyard Workers of World War II, an Oral History" audio-visual presentation. Programs start at 2 P.M. Oregon Historical Society, 1200 SW Park Avenue. 503-222-1741. www.ohs.org

Through Dec. 7, Portland: World War II: A World at War, a State Transformed. Exhibit on World War II and its impact on Oregon. Oregon Historical Society, 1200 SW Park Avenue. 503-222-1741. www.ohs.org

TENNESSEE • **Aug. 15–16, Madison:** World War II Encampment and Remembrance Day. Living history, reenactments, USO-style big-band dance, "night at the museum" theater event. Amqui Station Museum and Event Center, 301-B Madison Street. 615-951-1154. www.amquistation.org

TEXAS • **July 25, Austin:** Hands on History. Visitors can handle weapons from throughout military history, including World War II. 6–9 P.M., Texas Military Forces Museum, Building 6, Camp Mabry, 2200 West 35th Street. 512-782-5659. www.texasmilitaryforcesmuseum.org

VIRGINIA • **July 11, Triangle:** Family Day—World War II. Educational activities about the US Marine Corps in World War II. Includes the making of a topographical map of Iwo Jima. Noon–3 P.M. National Museum of the Marine Corps, 18900 Jefferson Davis Highway. 877-635-1775. www.usmcmuseum.com

July 18, Bedford: Family Day 40s Festival. Living history, Victory Garden projects, live music, conversations with veterans. National D-Day Memorial, 3 Overlord Circle. 540-586-3329. www.dday.org

WASHINGTON, DC • **Aug. 26:** Summer concert by the 257th Army Band. National World War II Memorial, 1750 Independence Avenue SW. 202-675-2017. www.wwiimemorialfriends.org

Please call the numbers provided or visit websites to check on dates, times, locations, and other information before planning trips.

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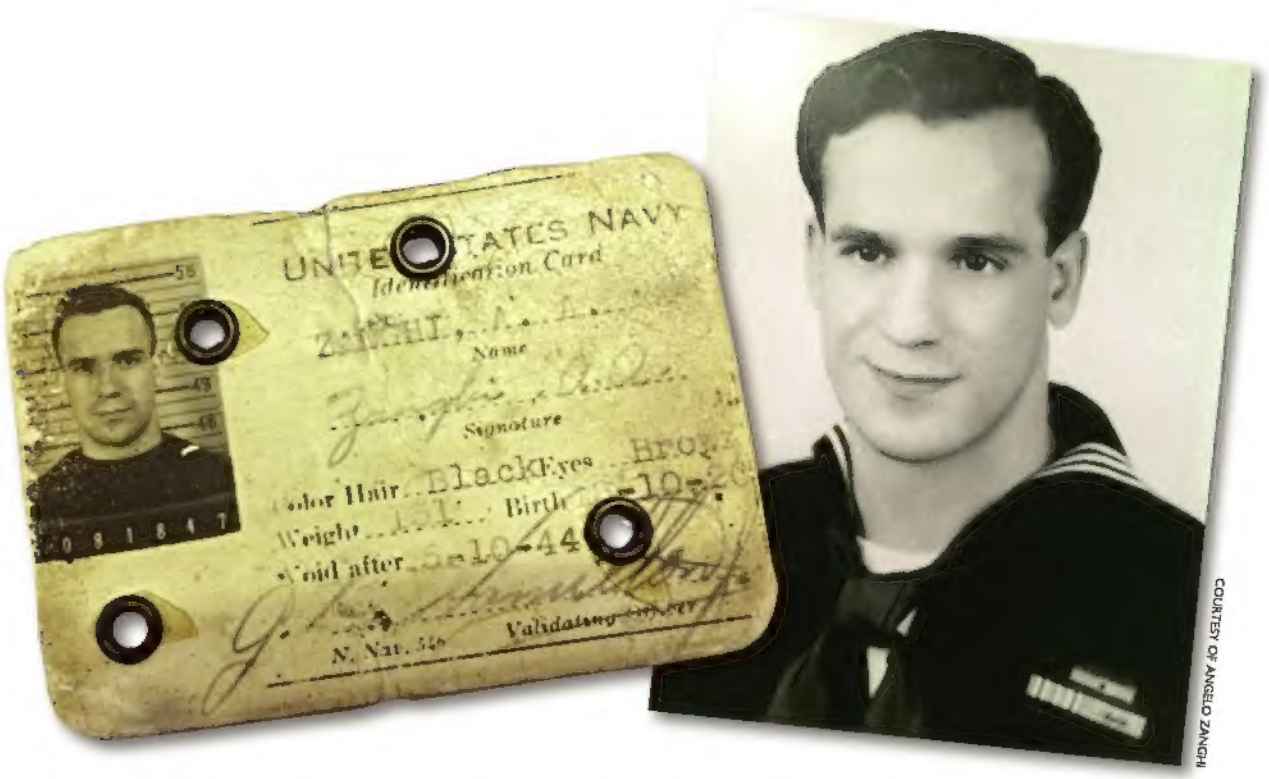

COURTESY OF ANGELO ZANGHI

When Angelo Zanghi joined the navy, there was no way he could have predicted a potato-tossing skirmish.

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD PETTY OFFICER Third Class Angelo Zanghi and the rest of the crew of the USS *O'Bannon (DD-450)* were alarmed on the morning of April 5, 1943. A Japanese submarine had been detected on the ocean's surface near their position off the Solomon Islands. The plan was to ram the sub, but on approach it appeared she could be planting mines. If so, a collision would send both vessels up in a ball of fire. Desperately, the destroyer dropped her speed and swung her rudder hard to avoid a crash. That brought the *O'Bannon* up right alongside the enemy.

Zanghi and his crewmates were astonished to find Japanese sailors lounging and sleeping on the submarine's deck, not a stone's throw away! But it wouldn't take long for those enemy crewmen to stir from their slumber and scurry toward the sub's three-inch deck gun. The *O'Bannon* was too close to lower her guns far enough to fire on the sub. The Americans scrambled to arm themselves and fight the Japanese.

That's when someone noticed potatoes in a storage bin. Zanghi and other crewmen ran over to it and started throwing spuds at the Japanese. In the predawn darkness, the Japanese sailors thought the missiles were grenades, and they scrambled to kick or throw them overboard before the pending explosions.

Eventually, the *O'Bannon* was able to back off enough to fire two five-inch rounds into the sub's conning tower. The Japanese commander then ordered his vessel to submerge. Oil slicks and post-action reports confirmed a kill.

After the war, Zanghi returned to the States and became a shop foreman at a ceramic machinery firm in Portland, New York. He married Patricia McCloskey, with whom he had five children. ★

Submitted by PHIL ZIMMER. *Adapted by editorial intern* JAMES COWDEN. *More details of Zanghi's story are on YouTube in excerpts from an oral history interview done through the Robert H. Jackson Center's Defenders of Freedom project.*

Send your GIs photo and story to editor@americainwwii.com or to GIs, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109

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